Just Dessert

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Just Dessert

by CrazyEyesChick

Summary

When Will escapes from the Baltimore Hospital for the criminally insane once he has been accused of Hannibal's murders, Alana goes to Hannibal for comfort. Trying to forget will and their responsibility, Alana will discover that Will is much closer than she thought. What twisted ideas went through the evil Doctor's head when he kept Will at his home instead. *I have an idea wink wink*** Hannibal needs a friend. *happens at season 1 finale: savoureux

Notes

One dream I had. Yes I'm sick sometimes, but I just love Hannibal. Sadly, I do not own any of the characters and story. Just give it time before it gets super smutty

See the end of the work for more notes

Affairs of the Heart

It had been 2 weeks since that night. Will had disappeared off the map after his escape just as he got revealed to be the copycat killer. It was a major blow to the FBI and even more so for the people responsible for Will Graham. Jack had taken it hard. The case had gone cold; Will really had vanished into thin air.

As for Alana Bloom, she had taken on the role to keep her friend's dogs healthy until he decided to come back. Will was sick and probably a big risk to himself and others. She worried constantly about him, regardless of his ordeal.

As the lovely Alana turned her head towards the tall man next to her, long curly hair flowing like silk in the air; she realized at least there was someone she could share that pain with. Dr Lecter had also lost a patient, a friend.

Over the last weeks, they both rekindled their past relationship. In their grief, they grew closer than before. Will had been a constant variable in their lives; so it came to no surprise that when their friend had left; they both felt a void they needed to fill. From there, their relationship had evolved into something more intimate, rational in its construction.

'Is everything alright Alana?' said kindly the suave man next to her slender figure.

Hannibal sat at the edge of his leather couch in his living room. The mood was light and cozy. The lights were dimmed to its lowest settings, allowing for a more romantic touch in the room. The two lovers were sipping red wine along with the burning flames of the hearth, enveloping them in its warmth.

'It's Will… I just- wonder...you know' She leaned her head on the large scottish wool covered shoulder of her mentor, her body relaxed. ' If we had gotten to him sooner...maybe he wouldn't have killed these people' Her eyelashes fluttered and closed,her mind remembering the few times she had seen her Will smile and carefree with his canine pack.

Hannibal wore a ghost of a smile, like he knew something Alana didn't. Of course he did, William was his to guide and to take. Thick smooth fingers laced themselves around slender feminine ones.

'You mustn't blame yourself. He was my patient, I should have seen the signs. He trusted me to be his gauge, but I failed him. Worrying serves no one, he is a strong willed man and eventually will see the error of his ways'

Alana sighed, guilt washing over her. She turned her back on Will and now he was lost to them. Her lovely eyes watered, a droplet falling on her rosy cheek which was got by Lecter's gracious finger.

' I know...I-I just can't shake the feeling Hannibal. He's alone somewhere, troubled and very sick. He could be half dead in the middle of nowhere for all we know. No one to help him...' Her grasp on her partner's hand tighten in comfort. She kept hope that somebody or hell, even the police would recognize Will and let them know, yet she was afraid of what they would find.

Hannibal smirked fondly at the irony. *Only if she knew how correct she was...*

'He isn't the same Will we know and that is a truth we will have to get over I'm afraid'

The silence was deafening. Only their breathing mingled along with the crackling blaze of the fire which made the room livelier.

Hannibal brought the trembling form closer, hoping to provide his date with much needed comfort. The societal norm of dating suggest such manners. After all, he had a persona to present Alana. It's not that he didn't love Miss Bloom, on the contrary, he appreciated her wit and insight. But she wasn't Will Graham. She was a poor substitute, but one he could indulge in the meantime. He was aware of how his missing patient felt towards this alluring creature, therefore he couldn't help to fuck with his friend's interest instead.

Alana stifled a sob 'In time, yes...'

Hannibal's expression soften when he gazed into those greenish eyes. Their eyes met, carnal desire and sadness coiling in their beings. Alana closed the distance between her lover and herself, her chaste lips poised on his rough ones. Time stilled, both immersed in the moment, where they both acknowledge their loss, conquering it together.

Alana's hands crawled up to the thighs touching hers in a feathery graze. She squeezed her red colored nails digging into the expensive fabric. Hannibal handled her like fine porcelaine, his right palm danced on her waist while the other grasped the back of her frail neck. The kiss grew heated. Moist lips nipped at each other, tongues exploring every nicks and crooks wishing for the best angle to please.

'Hmm..Hann-ibal...' she moaned in pleasure, her pupils dilated, her body tingling with arousal. If they kept at it, they would end up doing it on the couch like a bunch of high schoolers.

The older man broke the exchange first, his forehead connecting with Alana's warm skin. The female psychiatrist lust filled eyes were shadowed by the thickness of her black eyelashes, Hannibal's stare focused on the quivering lips below his own.

'As much as this is enjoyable, it would be amiss to ruin such a beautiful couch.' He paused

Alana followed his gaze to the staircase as she tried to retain her chuckle. Obviously, this man would put decency over intimacy. Wine and mood were temporarily buried for a promised night of passion.

'Of course. Shall I wait here or...?' she said with confidence and a hint of seduction in her tone. Her long hair disheveled due to their passionate kiss; she looked debauched. A look the cannibal in the room can admit to have a wild attraction for. He turned his body towards the archway to the galley. The woman's eyes grew curious, wondering why he would leave things so….unattended.

'I guess...you will be coming back? It would be discourteous to leave...me now' teased Alana, her foot tapping impatiently in a forward manner.

The man's brow raised, but said nothing. He just shook his head as if to say 'no'. Alana accepted coily his response as she watched him disappear into the kitchen with a small echo of a response as he left.

Hannibal had an unhealthy attachment, she had found, for anything food related. Then again, he did have a wonderful shape.

'If you'll excuse me, there is something I must attend to in the kitchen. As usual, make yourself at home. I will join you shortly' said Hannibal as manipulative as ever. A faint smile accompanied his already amused eyes.

Only if his Will could be this wild for him, this submissive… If simply he could understand the hierarchy in The Ripper's world, his own little place.

Pity! Perhaps the opportunity would come sooner than he thought after tonight. thought Hannibal as he retreated for a moment, motioning to Alana to join him in his second bedroom on the top floor.

It wouldn't do to have another being rather than Will in his most inner sanctum.

She acquiesced and carried herself charmingly up the stairs, her short molded dress concealing briefly her underpants.

Hannibal laughed internally at this sinful image. He bit his lower lip, but not enough to draw blood. He had a distinct feeling that a certain FBI profiler would just relish in beating him to death for this affront.

TBC...

Into the Veil

Chapter Summary

Alana discovers something lurking in the shadows.

Chapter Notes

I'm on fire!!! Piece of advice: Never snoop around someone's house if you don't want to be eaten :P Hope you like this one better. The sex is coming soon mouahha!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr.Lecter always enjoyed the lugubrious, as such, it showed on his interior decorating. Alana had to say it fitted his lifestyle and choices perfectly. She liked things a bit less gloomy, but nonetheless, she could see the appeal.

Since she had been left to her own devices by her host, she made her way through the wooden staircase up to their usual bedroom. She longed the heavily ornate corridor that led to the second last room.

She halted her careful steps before entering the room where passionate sex would happen. Alana turned her gaze towards a forbidden door and pondered why her lover, if she could call him that because honestly she didn't even know what to call their sudden attraction, would never bring her to his own chamber.

Hannibal looked as if he were the old fashioned type: gallant, chivalrous and one who would wait for the right one to bring to his bed. She guessed that whatever this was, it wasn't serious enough, except a simple mean to get over the void in their hearts.

Curious by nature, she couldn't help herself but wonder what his bedroom looked like. It was off limits, but a part of her felt a pull, like it called to her. It would be so easy as the official master bedroom's door laid close by. The varnished door was shut, but as she tried the knob, she found it unlocked. She trapped her lower lip between her teeth in anguish.

It would be rude to snoop around Hannibal's bedroom,... but he isn't here right now…

Just a peek wouldn't be that bad she resumed. The wine she had consumed made her giddy and bolder. She imagined having angry sex with Hannibal in his master bedroom, social conventions be damned. Her body temperature elevated in response, her pussy moist and interested.

As curiosity got the best of her, she turned the doorknob and entered cautiously, her feet sliding on the cold floor with the grace of a ballerina. Intrigued by the darkness, she tried to find the light.

It's so dark in here… she chuckle thinking to herself *It wouldn't surprise me to find he's a vampire or something… ahah*

Her heartbeat pumped faster, threatening to burst out of her chest. Was it the excitement or something else? She wasn't sure. The air was dry and very stale. Only the rays of the moon passing through the thinned blinds lit her way, which wasn't much.

Finally adjusting to the shadows, her eyes could finally catch a few outlines of furnitures, possibly antique, knowing the man's taste to be refined. With every steps she took inside, she felt nervous. Her instincts told her to run, while another more courageous said to keep going. Perhaps, an angry sexual encounter with her mentor wouldn't be as welcoming. She faltered.

The chamber was vast, she could tell. It's like her pounding heart resonated between the walls for all to hear. Finally, she saw the shapes of the bed, she smiled. It looked very comfortable, but it still felt to her like she was trespassing, so she thought better of sitting on the firm mattress. From the feel under her fingertips, those were silk sheets. Probably imported too.

I think I overstayed my welcome here...Hannibal should be waiting for me in the other room… I-I should leave, it doesn't- f-feel right to be here…

As she moved to the side, her foot tangled itself on something hard.

Ouch! What's that? Hope I didn't break anything… she thought

Her gaze dropped to the metal circles hooked to the floor. Odd. There was something attached to those rings, as if it held something, keeping it extended judging by the tension in the ropes.

But upon closer inspection, she gasped, her eyes wide. These weren't ropes, these were chains. Old, well taken cared of, chains from what she could tell were from medieval times torture chambers.

Why would Hannibal have such things lying in his bedroom chamber?

Following the chains' path, she realized stumbling in this room might have been the worst idea of her life. The arousal she had before was long gone now, replaced by fear, anger and sorrow.

'Oh my GOD!! W-Will' she said barely as a whisper. This cannot be.

She stopped breathing for a brief second, acknowledging the pitiful sight before her eyes. Her hands went to her mouth in shock.

'Will! Will! What..h-happened..to y-you? God' she said in a panic. What was he doing in Hannibal's bedroom?

The man was hooked like a piece of meat from the top to the bottom of the room. Ceiling to floor. Chains encircled around his wrists, his plaid shirt ripped opened with his chest covered with old and fresh scars. From her angle, she could only glance at his curly mop of hair matted with dry blood, his head limp.

She calmed down once she saw his chest cavity move slowly. Thank god, he was alive. His breathing was shallow though. Unconscious.

Forgetting where she was and why she was here in the first place, she grabbed his head carefully, hoping to rouse him, assess the damage. She needed and explanation for this. Hannibal had lied to her, even to the FBI! He'd said Will had never stopped by his house and just left without a trace.

'Will? Can you hear me? It's Alana! Please...Will' He looked so vulnerable, like a broken doll. So unreal.

Nothing. No sign whatsoever. She shook him lightly in case he had a concussion.

'Hmmm' That earned her a faint noise. Good.

'Will...Please, come back to me...Focus on my voice, I need to know you're okay!' She could see behind his eyelids, there was movement. He was slowly but surely coming back to this plan of existence.

'Al….a..na?' said the sleepy mumbled voice, unsure this was reality. Will's eyes were still closed.

'Yes...it's me, Alana. That's it Will, you are doing great. Open your eyes for me.' Hopeful humor might help, she tried to appeal to his sense of humor to make light of the situation when she heard a moan from the man ' I know you don't like eye contact, but this time we'll have to make an exception. You have beautiful green eyes Will, so let me see them just this once please'

A choked laugh made it past her ears. When green eyes fluttered open, a wave of relief washed through her.

‘Alana? Is that...really you’ His voice was broken, croak and heavy like a man who’d have spent his days screaming. Alana braced herself.

‘It’s me...I’m as real as I can be...but oh my god Will! What’s he done to you…?’ she said, petting his face, her thumb pushing away the strand of unruly hair that hid his face as blood coated it on its way.

Realizing she spoke of Hannibal, he struggled weakly.

‘You need to get out of here now!’ warned Will urgently.

‘I..I- don’t..understand...What is going on here? I thought you escaped prison after killing all those people. You are sick, very sick WIll…,

‘Is that what he told you?’ He looked pitiful to watch, his lip was split, red cracked coiled blood on his chin.

‘That’s what everyone’s been told.’ She hold her breathe, worried ‘You’ve been missing for 2 weeks Will. You are wanted for murder’

The half naked man almost laughed. His ribs were mostly broken, it was hard to laugh and breathe.

‘I’ve been here since I escaped. As soon as I left, I came here and saw him for the first time’

‘Him?’ she questioned. Will didn’t make sense. He already knew Hannibal.

‘ The Chesapeake Ripper. H-He framed me for his murders Alana. I’ve been held here since then. He knew about my encephalitis...all that time I thought I was going crazy, he knew. That’s why he killed Sutcliffe and Madchen…Fuck, he even treated me here the bastard’

The shaken woman was taken aback by all this information. If she hadn't held on to Will, she would have fallen back, her knees feeble. Will was wrong, she had known Hannibal most of her life; there was no way he was the killer Will made him out to be.

‘T-that..c-can’t be…’

‘I couldn’t believe it either Alana, he was my..friend too. For godsake, I confided everything to him. I-I let him..in.my.head’

A bell did ring inside her mind. The evidence was compelling. Will was held prisoner in Hannibal’s bedroom like a dog and according to his tastes, well...They were right up the alley of the Chesapeake Ripper. She just couldn't get around to the idea. She had slept with the man., believing Will had gone from their lives.

‘I-I heard..you, you know...Those...nights...with h-him’ Will shied away from her stare, embarrassed. If not for the blood and cuts adorning his face, Alana was sure they would have been tinted in red. She blushed, aware that all of those evenings with Hannibal weren’t much of a secret anymore.

‘Oh!’ Bad couldn’t even cover what she felt right now. Shame maybe. ‘I’m so..so sorry, Will. We both lost, uhm...I lost you and well, one thing led to another...’ She started sobbing, salty pearls reflected in the dimmed natural light.

‘I-It’s ok, it’s not...like you k-knew, right?...’ Will took a small break, he was exhausted. ‘He did it to spite me, as if the mental manipulation and physical torture wasn’t enough...’

Getting her resolve back, she exclaimed ‘I need to get you out of here! I need to tell Jack about you’ Alana looked around for some sort of tool to get him out of his bonds. She played with the chains, hoping to loosen them a little. Nothing budged. She swore.

Fearing the presence of Hannibal near Alana, he pushed himself away from her touch, hoping she’d get the message and go.

‘There’s no time! He’ll kill you for coming here, you need to run. Get help, I’ll manage... He won’t kill me’ He sounded weak and mournful. But Alana didn’t move an inch ‘Please Alana....Just go’

‘I..can’t. You’re here because I told Jack about Hannibal. It’s..I-It’s my...my fault. What does he want from you?’

Will’s patience was wearing thin. Why couldn’t she just leave! His eyebrows furrowed, his eyes focused, even with the lack of sleep and the bags under his eye sockets to prove it.

‘ALANA!’ he snapped

The loud broken voice startled her into silence.

‘Listen to me’ he lowered his voice, calming his nerves. His expression soften, compassionate ’ He’s a sadistic killer and a cannibal. He fed us his surgical trophies like we were animals. I can’t... protect you from him... like this. He’s a liar. So whatever you knew about him, unlearn it. This person suit he wears is only an illusion and he WILL NOT HESITATE TO KILL YOU! NOW GO!’

Unexpectedly, as Alana gathered her courage to leave and get help, a flicker of light from the lamp near the bedpost glowed.

SHIT! Both thought, caught.

Will’s eyes threatened to jump out of his head like a deer caught in a spotlight. His face blanched as the imposing figure entered the room. He was all too aware of who it was, dreading it every day for the last 2 weeks. He started to panic, his arms pulling from every angle, wishing to be free. Alana would be no match for a predator like Lecter.

‘H-Hannibal...’ the faint voice breathed out. She stood tall against the wall before her, body quivering in fear.

Those piercing eyes… they're dangerous…I need to get out and fast, but Will...

Hannibal stepped into the light, out of the shadows, his facial expression very still, but his eyes promising retribution.

‘You have been terribly rude Doctor Bloom.... You should have remained blinded and forget about our dear Will’

‘Never’ she bravely said, her tone wavering

She gulped down a lump in her throat, taking a small step back closer to Will like he was something to protect from this devil in the flesh. Alana could only hear her heartbeat and the mad shouts of her tied friend as the man eating monster approached her ready to pounce.

TO be CONTINUED...

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? Thanks for feedback, opinions and kudos. It really means a lot and encourages me to keep going. Toodles!

Devil's Pact

Chapter Summary

Alana is in trouble as she confronts Hannibal about Will's fate.

Chapter Notes

ON FIRE!!!! Another chapter done!!! thx to my friends for toughing me out :P Enjoy this bigger chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3: Devil’s Pact

I do not own any characters nor its story

Previously:

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Both Hannibal and Alana stared into each other's eyes intensely. While Hannibal's breathing pattern hadn't changed and remained calm, Alana's breathing hitched, adrenaline flowing in her nervous system, preparing for a fight or flight response.

Will could only watch from where he was, unable to do anything. Will's imaginative mind concocted different scenarios in which none of them ended well for Alana. He started to sweat when he saw Hannibal take a step forward and Alana backwards.

'I fear you have put yourself in a delicate situation my dear Alana' said sternly the composed man. The doctor had a very sharp knife in his hand which he had probably gotten from his short trip to the kitchen. The moonlight reflected back on the sharp edge of the blade into the woman's eyes, blinding her partially.

Alana stood her ground still, even with the impending fear tightening at her chest.

'What have you done Hannibal?' she asked as if death didn't linger in the dark chamber waiting to claim his due.

'As you can clearly see, I've been occupied with Will, hoping to treat his condition' His hand slid across the antique furniture at his side in a fluid, yet calculated manner. His look focused on the dust that settled there as if Alana was of no immediate concern right now. He was always in control.

'I'm taking Will out of here. If you have his best interest at heart, you'll let him leave...with me'

'I'm afraid I cannot allow that.' Hannibal quirked his head, eyes playful and up at her once more, a hint of a smile upon his thin cannibalistic lips. 'Don't be brave Alana, I don't want to have to hurt you.' There was a shift in the air as Hannibal squinted his eyes, a tint of blood red coloring his pupils. It screamed danger to every fiber of Alana and Will's core. 'But if you force my hand by resisting, I won't hesitate to strike you, woman or not.' He raise his arm, the blade carefully showing.

Hannibal moved around the room like a lion circling his prey. From the corner of his eye, he eyed Will disapprovingly. He couldn't help but smile when his tied up prey flinched. He reverted his full attention towards the trembling lamb before him. Trembling, but courageous; nothing he had not expected from Alana.

Alana froze unable to say anything; her words forgotten, her throat constricting. Will took this time to distract Hannibal. He hoped his long friend would regain her senses and understand the opportunity he gave her to escape with minimal injuries.

'Hannibal! You would strike a defenseless woman? I would have expected better from the great courteous Hannibal Lecter' The profiler smirked, his bruised cheeks dominant 'Not that I expected much to begin with anyways. These last few weeks in your care have been horrible. Your doctor and host skills really need better polishing' Seeing the monster of his dreams turn in his direction, he couldn't hide the relief he felt.

'Please be silent Will. I know you have missed me, but I'll come back to you in a minute.' said an amused Hannibal

'Like hell I did! You're the Chesapeake Ripper and a monster. Your touch is destructive, every words that comes out of your mouth...is poison. The hate I have for you doesn't even cover half of what I feel'

'Hate and love are not dissimilar. Both comes from intense emotions rooted in the deepest part of your being. Your hatred fuels your anger and thus, allows my presence to engulf your mind until there will be nothing left, except me inside you.' The predator saw Will cringe. Will would eventually see their similarities and embrace the darker side of him.

'FUCK YOU!' Will growled low and primal. His cry alarmed Alana.

Hannibal sighed, gripping the handle of the weapon he carried with strength.

'Seeing as you're still standing here, I believe you still foolishly think you can leave my room alive?'

‘Y-yes’ Alana didn’t know what possessed her to say that, the adrenaline maybe, but who cared. WIll needed her help. After all, she was the reason Hannibal had gotten to Will in the first place. Anger filled her lungs, hurt to have been used in such a degrading manner.

‘And I can’t believe you Hannibal! You used all of us and lied over and over again...Did you even care? About any of us?... About me?... What was I to you when we slept together, Hannibal?’ Fury flamed through her eyes.

Uncomfortable silence hanged between them, Will temporarily forgotten. The dominant presence in the room paused in reflection. There was a part of Alana he had enjoyed, the sex wasn’t bad, but the consequences of their coupling was what turned him on. To see Will so distraught everytime he had told him about their lovemaking was just… beautiful and arousing.

Very strictly, devoid of any feelings, he said: ‘A means to an end’

Now, the beast grew restless. He was infuriated. Will was struggling, screaming, pleading at him to leave Alana be.

‘I’m sad to say this sudden intrusion into my room concludes our affair, Alana’ he said, his baritone voice hinting at the finality of their brief relationship and alluding to her oncoming death at his meticulous hands.

The colors drain further more from Will’s face.

Will’s main concern right now was his love interest’s safety. This caused Hannibal to ponder on his next steps, considering altering them if needed be.

Hannibal had to admit Will had been more stubborn than he thought. Without his encephalitis, he was a truly remarkable adversary and more difficult to convince since he was now aware of his proclivities.

His wicked mind was made up, he figured out a way to make Will complacent and willing. He only needed to hide his game a little longer.

Suddenly, his fine nose caught the smell of hormones, letting him know exactly what Alana would do. His keen sense of smell was rarely wrong. He enjoyed a good hunt.

Looking at the far away door, Alana quickly made a run for it. A move Hannibal had quickly anticipated. Will warned her of Hannibal's counter move, which is why she had luckily dodged the knife pointing at her.

As Alana finally lunged at the door, a hand yanked her back by the hair. She yelled, her limbs fighting, struggling for freedom. She fell, her skull hitting the hard floor, her balance compromised. Hannibal pulled her up by the mop of hair, twisting her around, kicking her at the back of her knee. She rolled on the ground, coughing. Her hands quickly went for her injured knee, backing away.

This was not how Alana had envisioned the night to go. She was nervous wreck, and her blood pumped faster through her veins. She whimpered, when the expert fighter nudged her with his foot, his sharp teeth showing in pleasure.

'HANNIBAL! Stop!' yelled Will in panic, his eyes turning a shade darker in outrage.

Ignoring the loud pleas, Hannibal waited impatiently for the right words to come out. For now, he allowed himself to play with his food.

'Come on Alana...Get up' ordered Hannibal.

He left her to raise her body slowly, his gaze never leaving her.

‘Please...Hanni-..bal, d-don’t do this’ attempted to say the beaten form at Lecter’s feet, her breathing rasp.

As Hannibal was bigger in frame and weight, it was easy for him to pounce on her, slashing the knife expertly, cutting into the air. He made sure not to hit anything vital.

Will was starting to crack, thinking of a way to help her.

‘At this rhythm, she will die’ he thought to himself. I- I can’t let her die...not for me…

A loud shriek broke his thoughts. His eyes teared up at what he saw. Hannibal had backed her against the door, all his weight put down on her by his broad muscular chest, knife at her neck. He was about to cut her throat, just like the memory he had of Hoobs and Abigail.

‘HANNIBAL, DON’T!’ Chains rattled as Will pulled at them with fervor. The hand halted in front of a very scared, sobbing Alana. Her eyesight poised itself on Will’s own, praying not to give in. She could see the surrender in his eyes.

‘W-Wi..ll...no’ said a weak, beaten Alana.

‘Stay out of this Alana...’

Hannibal’s look remained tempered, but the joy he felt in his victory was godlike. Making sure his glee was not showing, he replied casually while his forearm still crushed his pupil’s windpipe.

‘Ah Will...yes?’ As if he wasn’t aware of his victory and Will’s demise. Soon, he would taste Will in the most intimate way, like he had wished too.

He could have taken Will anytime, but he wanted him willing. Well, as willing as one could be under duress when coerced.

‘Being coy doesn’t suit you Dr. Lecter...’ said Will in a feeble attempt to appease his nerves.

The female’s state was deplorable. Her smooth cheeks were now black and blue, calluses on her legs. Her forearms bore defensive wounds and shallow cuts. Her hair was a mess, she gasped for breath as pressure kept steady at her slender neck.

Alana could not move an inch. It looked as if it wasn’t for Lecter torso pinning her against the hard wall, her weakened frame would dive into the abyss, the wooden floor stopping her fall.

‘Is there something you’d like to ask me Will?’

Will’s voice remained silent, struggling with what he was about to do.

Hannibal grew angsty. ‘If there is nothing you wish to ask of me...I’ll just-’ His sentence was left open, letting Will’s eyeballs fixate on the metallic blade which pressed softly at Alana’s neck, blood trailing down the slice of skin. She yelped, teeth clamped, jaw tense.

Panic returned to Will in second. It would do him no good to tempt fate. His hands clutched at the big chains holding him up.

‘No...I- I’m sorry. Stop. I-I will...give you what..what you want. Just don’t kill.Ala..na, please’ he pleaded, with a soft whispered ‘Hannibal’ at the end for better effect.

‘What I want?’ Hannibal looked confused ‘There are many things I desire, my Good Will. You’ll have to tell me what it is you are offering?’ said teasingly the tall man currently holding the big end of the stick.

Will lowered his face in shame, his cheeks flushed. He did not want to say it in front of Alana. Lecter was teasing him and it aggravated him.

‘Please. Not in front of Alana...Y-You know what it is you want, you bastard! You tortured me for 2 weeks about it!’ spat Will.

Hannibal threw Alana roughly to the ground, she fought for her breathe. Her body was aching and traumatized. Hannibal walked towards Will, his bloodied drenched fingers snatched forcefully Will’s shadowed chin to face him, demanding eye contact.

‘Watch your tongue, or I will cut it.’ The ex-surgeon calmed himself, softening his features ‘I repeat, what are you willing to do to save poor Alana from my plate. She’s very kissable..., it would be a shame to miss such a good meal’

Will swallowed, his voice serious this time ‘ I beg you Hannibal, I’ll do anything...It’s not her you want...it’s..me. So, please, let her go and I-I will stay willingly. No more mind games. No more torture.’

The devil was breathing in the sweet scent of victory. Will’s sweat was rewarding, he could drown in its flavor.

‘Hmmm...That sounds like a fair proposal, what do you think Alana?’ he said looking at her from above in a superior motion.

She could only send her most hateful glare: ‘You’re...a...mon….ster. You realize..h-he’s not staying of his own freewill, right?... He’s still... coerced by you?... Oh God...How long have you played with his head?’ said the convulsing form still writhing on the floor. Her front dress ripped from the struggle.

‘Long enough to know he’s a fascinating creature with an exquisite mind. If he puts his mind to it, he might find himself to become a worthy killer. One I can nurture, guide and eventually taste’ He licked his lips in wanton. He could already taste his Will in his sensitive palate.

‘Enough Hannibal! and Alana stop talking to him! He’s a conniving little snake.’ Making sure he’s got Hannibal’s focus solely on him, he offered himself with more conviction ‘So, do

we have a deal? Her life for mine...'

'This is a very enticing offer. You are aware of what that will entail?...There will be no going back. I will have you, I will consume you until I'm all you think about. Is her life worth your freedom and sanity, dear Will?'

'Almost there my little lamb' savoured Hannibal in his mind

Will didn't even blink. He already knew his answer. As for Alana, she feared the answer.

'Yes'

'Will no!' exclaimed Alana, her shoulders slumped, her morale at its lowest. Hannibal's mouth turned into a smile, victorious.

'Finally, the fun can now begin' sniveled Hannibal

To be continued….

Chapter End Notes

XD NEXT Chapter, brace yourselves, the sex is coming! and it will be legendary! poor will and alana, Hannibal is mean.

Will's Pleadge

Chapter Summary

Hannibal makes sure that Will foregoes his end of the deal. With Alana as a witness to their new beginning.

Chapter Notes

Here's a short chapter before Hannibal gets his first bite our of Will. Not super, but yeah. Enjoy! Thanks for following, I didn't expect so many hits!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Disclaimer: I don't own anything from Hannibal. Though, I wish I did lol

Previously:

‘This is a very enticing offer. You are aware of what that will entail?...There will no going back. I will have you, I will consume you until I’m all you think about. Is her life worth your freedom and sanity, dear Will?’

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It seems Hannibal had finally won his prize. Threatening his date in front of Will had been a great incentive for the man to fall into his eager hands. Hannibal dropped the knife on the table next to his bed, advancing towards his claim. Will’s eyes remained focused on the killer in the room, fire alight in his gaze. Alana momentarily put to the side as both men were stuck in a staring match.

Hannibal stood in between the quivering form of the woman he once laid with and the one he would soon claim, mischievous grin appearing on his stern face.

‘Perfect, I’m glad you could see reason. Let us not waste anymore time, but first, we need this pact to be officialized.’

Will’s face turned sour ‘ What more do you want? Let’s get this over with, Dr Lecter’

Hannibal’s cold stare froze his soul, his body suddenly feeling chills running down his veins.

‘And rush such a sweet opportunity? I think not. If you remember correctly, Good Will, you have agreed to stay and be a good boy for me, isn’t that right?.’ This was a warning that he would do well to remember. Hannibal’s tone left no space for argument.

A deep growl resonated from Will’s ribcage. He couldn’t help resent his Doctor for everything that happened.

Will might have agreed to this, but he wouldn’t necessarily make it easy for the man. Always with the safety of his friend at the back of his head, he would be careful not to chastise the

other predator too much.

Will bit his chapped lips with his teeth, velvety liquid dripping along the side of his chin, matting his stubble with red. Hesitating and controlling the insults that jeopardized to leave his mouth, he said:

'...y-yes, but I-' Will was rudely cut off, mid-sentence.

'But nothing.' finished Hannibal

Suddenly, Hannibal switched sides and looked at Alana who was still under shock from her whole ordeal. 'And since Alana has decided the grace us with her presence, she will serve as the perfect witness, don't you think?'

Arms and legs bond, there wasn't much Will could do, except shake the chains and cuffs, which dug into his wrists. He could not believe the nerve of this man he had considered a close friend.

'What? Fuck no! That wasn't part of the deal! You're supposed to let her go and then I do what you want. I thought promises meant something to you! Don't you dare keep her here. Can't you see she needs medical attention?' yelled Will out of his lungs.

'I said nothing of the sort, you assumed I would let her go. If you recall, you asked for me not to kill her now, which I honoured. Are you going back on your words Will?'

Will swore internally. Hannibal was right, of course. He should have been more concise with his phrasing. Obviously, a highly intelligent psychopath like Lecter would pick up on these loopholes.

'N-no, I'm not… Just please, don't bring her into this. I c-can't...Hannibal...Not with her watching, seeing me...j-just don't' pleaded Will. His head was low, submissive.

Alana laid there, prepping herself onto her elbows with all the energy she had left. Her teeth clattered, her state worse for wear.

‘God...Hannibal. Let me go, don’t make me watch this. I won’t tell anyone, I swear. I-I care for him, so don’t cross that line.’

‘You are in no position to bargain with me, Alana. You broke my trust, my rules. Consider this your punishment, now come here’ Hannibal extended his hand towards miss Bloom.

‘No..nonono...A-Alana, don’t listen to him.’ his voice cracked as much as his heart. Beckoning Hannibal to him, he shouted, forcing their eyes to meet. Hannibal looked amused by this pathetic display.

The man casted aside the shouts, ignoring the constant screams at his delicate ears.

Having Alana witness his torture, his rape would break him in more ways than one. As much as Will had wanted to be with her, fate had other plans. They’d never been together intimately, but it felt like this would break the barriers they had set for themselves.

As for Alana, he could see perfectly how she could blame herself. Hannibal was wise, he knew it would break both of them. They were the victims here, and this would ruin whatever chances they could have had to be together. His captor had made sure to alienate him from outside influences.

When Alana didn’t stir, Hannibal’s voice commanded her forward. Death laced his words, making the female psychiatrist tremble.

‘Come here Alana. I won’t ask again...’

Alana heard the domineering voice echo in her eardrums. It felt as if it surrounded her whole being, squeezing the life out of her. She choked as she tried to force herself up. She was badly bruised, her throat sore, burning.

Hannibal prided himself for his self-control and patience, but the loot he had acquired fairly, somewhat, had become his temptation and couldn't find it himself to wait for this bitch to move. Will must have seen the irritability in his pupils, because he grew restless, afraid of what this dangerous creature would do to his guardian angel.

'Don't!' exclaimed a panicked Will, he went on 'If you hurt her...I swear, you'll never have me. I'll fight you until my dying breath. HANNIBAL!'

Those screams were only wandering, never acknowledged. Hannibal's patience wearing thin.

As Hannibal bent his upper body towards Alana, she strived to get away, her blood staining the carpet as she crawled away.

'S-Stay..away...arg' A fistful of long dark brown curls, Hannibal jerked her up to finally throw her harshly onto a chair. She grunted as her back collided with the hard fabric furbished frame of the chaise.

'Let her go...please!' Will was mad like a dog. So much, that his wrists were bent in an awkward position leaving it open for further serious injuries. He could feel his tiny bones grind against one another, the cramps blanked out due to his distress.

The dimmed natural light from outside lit dangerously the dark features of Dr Lecter. While Hannibal made sure Alana was too weak to move away from this expensive chair, his long dexterous fingers pulled at the knot of his silk tie. Dragging it down deliberately, piercing eyes searching for his future lover's ones, he then circled behind Alana's chair where a small gap provided such a space and tied one of her wrists like it was a lover's touch. But both knew it was far from it.

Throughout their love affair, Alana realized that this monster meticulous physical contact was fake. Behind this touch, there was danger. She then figured out that her teacher was capable

of so much atrocities that it froze all the blood in her veins.

For her other hand, Hannibal opened a drawer next to the chair to grab rough ropes. Will's eyes widened at these ropes. He could remember them been used on him before. His burned flesh lingering still on the thick fibers of the rope. Tints of red adorned it.

Will looked away from Hannibal's debauched look. Without his tie, his dark grey hair wild, he looked primal. A few buttons popped open under the rough treatment of Lecter's fingers. A little chest hair stood out. Will blushed, hoping the Doctor wouldn't see it. Will was not stupid, he could see why Alana had chosen Hannibal. He was attractive, in a wild, deranged way.

Hannibal cast a glance at Will, serious. Will showed his captor he was all ears this time.

'This is how we will proceed. If you do not comply to my orders in a proper manner, if you attempt to manhandle me or hurt me in any way, our dear Alana will bear the marks of your disobedience. I assure you, it will be ten times worse for her. Do I make myself clear?

'Yes' said Will, his tone hiding every hints of his nervousness.

'Consider her an insurance in case you become unruly, my dear Will.' said a gloating Hannibal while he slithered by Will's side wearing a precarious smirk.

Will prepared himself mentally for another round with Dr Lecter's famous unorthodox techniques. He gulped down a slump of saliva, his eyesight cast on the ground watching with strained muscles every calculated steps made towards him.

He would not let this cannibal get the best of him, he would not give him the satisfaction of his screams.

Face to face, green irises lost into brown ones, both strong in their convictions.

Will’s eyes conveyed his displeasure, while his lips curved into a smile.

You can force me all you want you fucker, but my heart will never belong to you…

Hannibal mirrored Will’s expression, happy to have Will’s fierce spirit back in the game. He would crush it.

We’ll see about that, William…

The tension in the room was suffocating and Alana hoped to gods that Will and her would get past whatever Hannibal planned to do to them.

It was only a matter of time until Will could finally be his. Hannibal had wanted Will since their first meeting; and Hannibal always got what he wants. He would make sure of it.

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

Ok...I know I said smut in this chapter, but oh well next one for sure! I promise. Thx for reading. feedback is appreciated and kudos as well. Thanks so much

Sweet Dessert

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finally gets Will where he wants, but it'S not over.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long update, school started and well inspiration was amiss. Hope you enjoy this chapter even though I got lost in it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Disclaimer: I do own anything from Hannibal.

Tension rose up like a flare in the night. All three of them stood there, strong in their own convictions. Alana and Will built up their forts in hope it would keep the monster at bay, unable to penetrate their defenses. As for Hannibal the cannibal, he contemplated the flavor of Will's taste under his tongue. His sweet, fevered taste: madness and fear.

The air filling Will's lungs felt heavy. He could choke on the dark atmosphere alone. As soon as those maroon eyes settled themselves on his exposed frame, he flinched.

In an attempt to preserve Alana's life, he had given himself over to the devil. He just braced himself for whatever Hannibal would dish out, not sure he would remain the same.

Hannibal broke his stare to turn his dangerous gaze to the tied up woman on the chair.

'I hope you are comfortable Alana, it would terrible not to experience Will's sweet surrender fully'

‘ Go to hell, Hannibal!’ she bitterly spat, her look burning with hatred.

‘Rather impolite of you. Hopefully you will learn to temper your bite. You are here as a show of good fate to our Good Will here. Do not make me change my mind’ Cold chills ran down her spine, grabbing at her heart, a bead of sweat rolled down her forehead.

Will’s mind was reeling. The spoken words he had heard didn’t lack murderous intentions. Dr Lecter would fully intend on acting up on his urges if Alana didn’t remain quiet.

That tone. There was no mistaking it. The beast would strike. Will just hoped Lecter would keep his end of the deal.

He had to make sure. Hesitantly, he spoke ‘ Hannibal. You promised you wouldn’t-’ He was cut-off as Hannibal circled him, hands roaming around his body, printing the shapes into his memory place.

‘Don’t worry, I always keep my promises.’ calmly replied the killer in the room. ‘ As long as you uphold your part of this bargain, our guest will remain...breathing, but don’t test me’ His fingers ghosted over the scars lacerating his favorite canvas. They lingered like feathers, probing at the uncovered chest.

Through his ordeal, Will’s orange prison suit had been unbuttoned up to his navel. It was Hannibal’s design.

‘yes’ Will replied

Will shuddered at the invasive touch. Warm breath blew at the back of his neck, his brown curls tickling his sensitive skin. He turned his attention elsewhere, as long as he avoided those soul searching eyes that tried to pry everything from him.

Unexpectedly, a strong grip caught his jaw, callused fingers digging into his muscles, making it difficult to move his mouth. The hold was unrelenting. It made sure his face could only see

this imposing presence before him. Hannibal's nose flared, eyebrows furrowed dangerously as he got closer to his future meal.

'Look at me' he ordered, pressed fingers pushing for emphasis. He had no choice, but surrender to the influence, otherwise he was afraid his mandible would break under pressure.

Hannibal smiled approvingly. His hunger grew when shivers transferred to his own cold skin. His prey was nervous, he could smell it. He purposely ignored the grunts coming from the back of his room. Will's moans and surrender was for him only, but he couldn't help tease the other pair of eyes carefully watching him while Will worked over his figure.

'You have no idea how much it pleases me to have you here Will. Pliant. Under me. Since we've met, I've wanted you. Alas, all good plans need marinating and Alana was as close to you as I could get. But she was not you...' Will's breath hitched as a single long finger trailed his abdominal line towards his navel. He bit his lower lip, reigning in the noises that threatened to come out. He could see Alana squirming in her seat. Good.

Besides a small quirk of the lips, Hannibal continued on, his clothed erection seeking friction on Will's hips. Every once and a while, the cannibal sneaked a peek at his previous date, taunting.

'Those nights where you refused me are past us. On this night' Hannibal's voice dropped a few octaves down, his hot breathe against Will's ear 'you will be mine to devour...' Teeth grazed the top of Will's ear and bit softly.

'... and no one else' Tanned skin muffled the rest of the sentence as Hannibal's eager lips sucked bruises at the crook of Will's taunt neck.

'Stop' Will said. That earned him a yank at the back of his skull, his mop of hair pulled tightly back, his adam's apple bare and vulnerable under those sharp white teeth. The plea went unanswered. Cutting canines scraped the tender flesh, saliva mixing with Will's sweat, making the taste intoxicating.

‘Alana was a passable substitute and quite enjoyable...But you were right’ he paused. Kiss ‘she is very kissable...’

‘Don’t talk, j-just..stop talking...’ His eyes were shut, his mind focusing on something other than the present. Will knew the doctor was tempting him, edging him on. After all, it wasn’t a coincidence Hannibal had chosen Alana has his partner while he was captured. Will’s psyche yearned for stability, hoping he could have found it in this beautiful woman. Sadly, his feelings were never returned. Too unstable. For the last 2 weeks, he couldn’t erase those sounds coming from the other room, wishing it was him.

The manipulative bastard was using his affection for Doctor Bloom as a bargaining chip to piss him off.

‘It’s almost a shame I won’t have the opportunity to cook you and consume every part of you. You would be a delicacy best served with the oldest of wines. I have longed to possess you, wishing I was fucking you into the mattress instead of her.’

Such crude words coming from a man like Hannibal sent an involuntary jolt of electricity to Will’s dick. All that could be heard in the room was the suckling noises of Hannibal’s tongue lapping at Will’s flesh and his own pants.

From her standpoint, Alana could only watch as her friend was used for the other’s benefit. She saw it took its toll on Will. He disliked touch and, intimate ones were pushing at his boundaries. Anger rose through her when the profiler was obviously retaining his self-control. She could see his tense jaw, the shivers that crawled up his skin as their oppressor licked away the fear.

Heavy chains were pulled by Will’s weak legs in hope to dislodge the offending hand flickering his nipple.

She was afraid to look away, afraid Lecter would punish Will more if she disobeyed his orders.

The cuffs and metal chains were discarded roughly, leaving Will's weight to be supported by Lecter's strength only. It was a good thing too, otherwise Will's face would be kissing the concrete floor. His legs were shaking due to lack of food and energy. He had refused everything Lecter wanted to shove down his throat. No wonder he felt weak as a kitten. Hannibal hadn't been the best host.

As soon as his feet touched the firm ground, Hannibal backed away seating himself comfortably at the foot of his king size bed. The image mirrored the one that kept replaying in his mind, where his psychiatrist listened to his problems, methodical and composed.

The grey haired man sat with his legs crossed and his hands poised on his knee as if waiting for something. His gaze was predatory, full of hunger. Inside, the beast wanted to tear apart this sacrificial lamb, opening him up to see what made him so unique.

A velvety essence coated his tastebuds from his teeth biting the side of his mouth. Seeing this weak man half naked in front of him made his perfect exterior facade slip. In fact, his lamb was wearing too much clothes for his liking.

'Undress' ordered Hannibal, his tone even.

Seeing Will pull at his clothes hastily without finesse angered him. This couldn't be rushed, that would be rude.

Will felt the air change around him and stilled.

'Don't rush. Peel your clothes off slowly.' Hannibal smiled 'Make it a good show. Eyes on me'

Will's eyes squinted, his brows knitting. He mumbled something and continued to strip in front of the murderer. His actions showing compliance whereas his stare was anything but.

Every layer was then removed meticulously. The FBI teacher never felt so humiliated in his life and he's had his fair share of it. His face was strung with rigidity, his movements following those of a robot. Red colored cheeks warm against the dimmed light from the lamp.

His rumpled shirt was the first to connect to the floor. His flushed skin came into contact with the cold air of the room, making his nipples hardened.

Involuntary response, but quite a natural one, he kept saying in his head, hoping to make this ordeal better. Will saw the vile tongue lick at thin cannibal lips, teeth pulling at the skin as if to show contempt. Will wanted to smack that expression off of his ex friend's face.

'You are doing quite well, considering. Is this your first time undressing for someone Will' inquired the good Doctor.

'I said I would comply to whatever you wanted to do to me. Not engage in frivolous chit-chat' bitterly said Will. His fingers hesitated slightly at the hem of the jeans. It was soon cast aside when that piercing look switch to a dangerous tint of red.

'You will adresse my inquiries, or shall I remind you of the proverbial elephant in the room' dangerously said the man in control.

Alana… his mind conjured her face bloodied and her body mutilated. He had to behave.

'No, it's...fine.' His nervousness rose, sweat pouring out of his pores. He watched Hannibal inhale in the scent assaulting his nostrils. At this moment, Will figured Hannibal was a cheeky bastard and as such should get a cheeky response to his previous question ' I-It's simply the first time I forcefully undress for someone. I can't say I like it much.' Seeing the man's eyes twitch, pushed subtlely. 'I hope this answer your question'

'Indeed it did, but-'Hannibal chuckled, his aura releasing deadly intent 'I could do without those witty comebacks of yours. I find them discourteous'

‘Well, we don’t always have what we want, don’t we?’ Will was challenging him and it sort of brought a pleasant feeling through him.

Will smirked as he lowered the last article of clothing affording him any sorts of privacy. His dark cotton briefs slid slowly off of his hairy legs. Instead of letting his boxers on the ground, he twirled it around his index finger and threw it at those crossed legs in front of him.

Alana’s held her breathe. She was aware of what her friend was attempting. It was a daring move, but possibly the only one he had left to fight off their offender. When one loses control of their will over their body, it was logical to assume wit would be the smartest defense mechanism in such a situation. A part of her was relieved to see Will fight.

The teacup was cracked, but remained strong no matter how much it was used.

Hannibal leered lustfully at the naked form before him. The red burns and scars etched onto his prey’s fair skin called to him. This canvas bore his marks. It would be his masterpiece, the one he would consume and bring forth against the world. Will’s dark nipples stood firm and perky, his cock soft. That would change.

‘Kneel. Hands behind your head. Your back facing our dear Alana’

As he obeyed, he bared his teeth at this monster ‘ Don’t you dare say her name! Don’t bring her into this’ Will felt so exposed, ready for slaughter. Poor Alana, guilt built up inside him, remembering she had to witness all of this. Without a doubt, her feelings were hurt by Hannibal, by him. It would be hard for them to get past this, if ever Hannibal would let him see her again after this.

The anguish Alana suffered at this display was overwhelming. Wetness damped her bruised cheek.

Suddenly, a wide palm offered itself to Will’s crouched form. ‘Come to me’ The hand patted the soft blood red duvet at the empty space next to him.

Puzzled, Will got to his feet, but not before a sharp order slipped his way. It startled him into silence.

‘I did not say you could walk Will.’ he said sternly from where he sat.

‘Then, how-’

‘Crawl. You shouldn’t have a problem with this, since you seem to crawl back so beautifully to Uncle Jack whenever he beckons’

‘Seriously?! You wanna talk about Jack...here!?’ he baffled. He couldn’t believe this man. Every word spoken was meant to enerve him. He exhaled a long puff of warm air he had kept in fear.’By the way, your bed talk is shit’

‘Alana was not complaining, weren’t you my dear’ He spared a glance in her direction where she lay as a ghost in the room. Her look aggravated, her mouth crisp as she turned her head in shame.

Will shut his mouth. He had walked right into this one. He shouldn’t antagonize his captor too much. Last time, it brought him unimaginable pain in the form of fresh burns at his back for his troubles.

Will resigned himself, lowered himself to the ground on his shaking hands and knees. His head low, ashamed to be this powerless. His brown curls brushed over his eyes. They had grown longer, unkept since the last 2 weeks he had been here. Hannibal watched him ardently, his left hand rubbing his clothed erection, humming apprehensively.

The bastard gets off on this! Power hungry son of a bitch.

He couldn’t help but think of Alana’s view of him right now. He could see it clearly. His dick hanging limp with his balls bouncing off at his inner thighs as he motioned forward slowly to

the mouth of the beast. The slaps of his balls against skin were all his ears perked up too, blush spreading on his cheekbones. Luckily, his unshaven face hid most of it.

A heated and mournful peep from the tied up captive breezed through him. At least, Will wasn't alone feeling like crap and mortified; there was comfort in that.

'Now what?' said Will, his eyesight glaring at the expensive wooden floor. Dextrous fingers feathered at his jaw like one would touch a rare piece of art and lifted it sensually.

'You tell me Will. Isn't it your job to please me?' Refined nose entered Will's personal space to filter Will's musk with everything else in the bedroom chamber. A zest of arousal mixed with his lamb's natural essence graced his palette.

Heat rose in Will's body under the lewdness of the smile gracing Doctor Lecter's rough lined face. The killer's urge overwhelmed him, making his blood boil. Damn his empathy!

'Ahh...yess, but I-'

'But, what? You know how to please your partner, don't you? Show me. I'm certain that if it's that easy to spurt out insults at me, your mouth should have no issue working my cock'

Will's eyes widened at the comment 'YOU FUC-' He strangled his words, before he did irreversible damage. Judging by the tension at Hannibal's shoulder, it had been a good move on his part.

Breaking the killer's reverie, a feminine voice broke through the haze his Will and himself shared. He growled in annoyance

'You just intend on breaking him?' Hannibal said nothing. She pressed on 'What will you do when you finally do?'

Hannibal's annoyance showed through his tone. Lost in Will's magnificent, he spoke.

'Will is an intricate creature, full of hidden doors ready to open. Even when I believe I have discovered every aspects of him, he manages to surprise me. I doubt I will bore of him...He is a marvelous piece of art in which I cannot help but revel at its imperfections...' he explained. He leaned back to permit the kneeling man better access to his covered chest.

'I would remind you to stay silent Alana, I would hate for you to spoil such a good spectacle. Relax and enjoy the sight' He glared at the latter.

While Hannibal spoke to Alana, Will's finger started small, working the shirt open, one button at a time. His nervousness impaired his skill to unbutton at the desired speed, his digits fumbling clumsily at the buttons.

As he finished the last of them opened, he couldn't help but marvel at the doctor's muscular frame. Not what he had expected, but then again, carrying dead weight would be taxing on the body. Years of murdering people got you in shape it seems. His heart thumped a little louder at the sight of Lecter with his chiseled chest exposed, only half covered with his opened suit shirt, tie discarded to the side.

Will made his way up Hannibal's broad chest with his mouth, leaving wet kisses in its path. As he moved closer to his partner's large neck, a smooth voice gave him another order.

'Kiss me' Hannibal offered as he lay waiting, expecting.

Soft words passed Hannibal's lips. Will complied and put his chaste lips on the flesh eating ones under his breathe.

Unconsciously, a pink tongue lashed out across dry lips, adding a coat of saliva before coming into contact with Hannibal's parted ones. Lips met softly like a lover's kiss. Will alternated between soft and hard suclke of flesh. Teeth clashing under this mockery of love. Will almost lost himself in the feeling.

In other circumstances, Will wondered how it would have felt to kiss his psychiatrist. Deep down, there was an unexplained voracity to his relationship with the Doctor. Hannibal had been his anchor before he learned the horrible truth, and it had appealed to him soothed him.

Sometimes, he had prefered to have remain blind.

He pulled back sharply, when cutting teeth nipped at his bottom lip, eliciting a soft moan from him.

‘Hanni-’ A large hand lost itself in the mop of brown damp hair, yanking at the curls, sending Will’s head back. Will hissed at the sudden pull.

‘You taste...exquisite, dear Will. But enough with the stalling, and get on with the menu’ A brief look downward towards his suit’s pants and back was hint enough to what was expected of him. He shivered at the thought.

In a million years, he had never thought he would end up here, in bed with a man, a serial killer no less. He fostered deep affection for the man, which made things even more difficult. Judging by the other’s decisions lately, those feelings were reciprocated, but also in a carnal manner. But for him, he wasn’t sure his feelings extended to the same proclivities. He wanted to hate the man for what he is and what he’s done, but...well. Complicated.

William figured Hannibal was securing his hatred in kinds. It grew stronger with each passing second. Not because of him; no, he was not delusional enough to think he didn’t somehow knowingly let himself get dragged into hell, the darkness ever so alluring to him. His hatred grew simply because Hannibal had dared drag an innocent woman into their quarrel.

A hoisted eyebrow brought him back to this sad reality.

Getting back to the task at hand, Will explored the curves under his fingertips. Will dreaded the end game of this, feeling the growing member against his fiery flesh. Hesitantly, he brushed a brown nipple with his tongue, earning him a soft gasp from Hannibal.

‘Hmmm, go on...’

Heat spread through him upon hearing the dark voice looming above his head. There was some pride to be taken from making such a man’s control slip. The mask bore cracks through its facade.

Not so in control now, is he? thought Will, smirking internally.

Pink muscle lapped at the little nub, hot slick saliva coating it, nipple hardening at the contact of the cold air in the room. His teeth grazed lightly to finally descend to Hannibal’s navel. He could taste the saltiness of the skin, Hannibal’s musk filtering through. The thin hairline tickled his nose as he moved.

Hannibal looked pleased and abandoned, which was rare considering all the illusions he hid behind were always up.

The older man’s erection was pushing against fabric, hard enough to make it uncomfortable. The hand at Will’s hair caressed the neck as encouragement, like a master would do his dog. Hannibal smiled at the picture. Will in a collar would be a sight to behold, perhaps later.

He hummed disregarding for a minute that this was coerced, not fully voluntary from Will’s side. Either way, he could live in the lie that this was mutual for now.Will would learn to yearn for his touch.

Besides Alana, the cannibal hadn’t laid with anyone else since Misha’s death. Always a means to an end. But with Will expertly venturing his body like an uncharted territory, it was complicated for him to deny himself such pleasure. He would keep Will where he belong. By his side; he would come to accept his own dark impulses with the right...incentives.

Without warning, the pleasure came to an abrupt end. Will didn’t move, inches away from the throbbing member tenting the expensive pants of the man wearing them. Hot puffs trickled at his navel.

Will stared with focus at the hem of the pants. He only needed to open them, put his mouth over Hannibal's erection and blow him. But, he couldn't do it. Couldn't move past the barrier of their residual friendship. His palms trembled on the other's inner thighs, his breathing constricting. Air was not going in. He was choking. He was having a panic attack.

Hannibal must have recognized the sign, because he cradled his skull in a comforting touch. Blue eyes popped out due to the lack of oxygen.

'ahh..I..can't...' His eyes were watering, blurring his vision. He didn't wanna get to this. He didn't want Alana hurt, but blowing another bloke, especially one he had trusted, was too much.

Thumb rubbed gently his shadowed chin in a caring manner. Tears wiped away in its wake.

'Breathe my Will. You are having a panic attack...Focus on my breathing, listen to my voice...'

'Arh...don't make me do this...I...can't...too much' Blue eyes floated in an ocean of tears, begging to be spared this task. He fought Lecter's hold, trying to get away from Hannibal's crotch. Hannibal wouldn't hear any of it. Quickly, all of this seemed too real.

'You will do this Will...That's it focus on my voice...look at me...good...' he paused, his stare dissatisfied 'I have been too lenient on you, but perhaps, a more sturdier hand is needed.'

'Do..n't. I need...need...time...arg. Please, can't..brea...ath...he' pleaded the thrashing victim.

'STOP IT HANNIBAL! CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE MAKING HIM WORSE!' yelled the female in the room. For a renowned psychiatrist, Alana though Hannibal did a very meager job. Didn't he remember Will's aversion to touch? It was bound to be a arduous task for the recluse. Her screams drifted by unanswered.

Will was fidgeting in the firm grip, a faint reminder of his seizure episodes. Hannibal's threats filled his mind like nightmares. Would Hannibal hurt Alana, kill her and then eat her. He needed time to adjust; time he did not have.

'Will...' warned the man currently keeping close 'I won't ask again...so calm yourself' Pressure applied at his neck bustling him down a little more strongly.

The empath centered on the distant voice, willing himself to calm his nerves. His lungs eagerly filled with much needed air, his breathing pattern now slow and steady. His eyes were shut tight while his nose was buried into Hannibal's hard lenght, feeling it pulse through the thin layer of cloth. He shuddered in disgust.

'I- I...Just...give me a moment. It's not like I've done this...before' His reply came out muffled. When he felt the squeezing fingers relent at the base of his skull, he looked up, defeated.

Agitated fingers fiddled with the zipper. Will was so stressed, feeling those eyes on him, intent on devouring him. He felt scrutinized as if he was under a microscope, ready to be dissected. In a way, Will sighed, he was.

As the hands left his body altogether, he finally managed the pant's ouverture, seeing the shade of red from the man's boxers behind it. A harsh tug caused the erection to sprung out of its confinement, almost slapping Will's reddened cheek. The smell of arousal was potent, a reaction his body seemed to agree with, when he felt himself react. He shoved the feeling away, and put his fingers around the length, experimentally rubbing along it.

If Hannibal's look was bliss, his was tormented. Beside his own dick, he never had touched another man's junk. If he just stuck to what he liked, it could be over fast. So Will did just that. He pumped the hard cock faster, increasing his pace. The warm flesh was burning against his palm, the friction wasn't soft. He kept his eyes low, avoiding purposely Hannibal's. Precum leaked from the slit, dripping over his moving hand. As his pace increased, hips joined the rhythm and met his thrust halfway.

Having enough of this eternal foreplay, the forceful creature took control of the reign and squeezed it a bit tighter. This teasing was unbearable. There was so much to do. The teacup

had to fall multiple times before it could get back up again. He would not allow further delays.

Will didn't have time to prepare himself before he was shoved onto the thirsty dick in front of him. His lips skidded on the sides of the organ down to the hilt, effectively choking him. His mouth secreted more drool, which made it at least easier on him. The assault was brutal until he was pressed on those hairy, trimmed balls.

Will had a hard time adjusting to the length down currently raping his mouth. Clammy hands clutched at the thighs, scratching nails deep enough to leave marks.

A harsh tone reached his ear. He tried to pay attention without forgetting his need for air. He froze.

' I have shown you what to do, I suggest you get to it. I asked you to do this willingly.' impatiently said Hannibal.

The next motions were done voluntarily. He bobbed his head up and down, slowly while twisting the hanging balls. The bitter taste of the semen made him gag. The profiler suddenly have a greater respect for women who swallowed. He relaxed his throat enough to let the engorged cock slide in.

He was so preoccupied with pleasing his master that it took a few minutes to realize a large naked foot was rubbing his privates.

'hmmm' A stunned groan vibrated in his mouth, sending jolts of pleasure through Hannibal.

Sadly, his body ignored his orders. His dick started to swell under the load. It was a strong and steady pace, the foot rubbing him like he was an animal. He kept working his mouth on Hannibal's cock like a pro while his hands twitched, eager to relieve himself.

‘Use your tongue’ simply told the psychiatrist. Will obliged, his tongue lavishing this monument like he would worship a god.

‘Yesss...Like that. Good boy’ Hannibal soften his grip, petting the exposed skin, enjoying the feeling under his sensitive digits.

On his part, the captor enjoyed this immensely. He knew Will would be talented. A nudge in the right direction was all that he needed. Will was sucking him like a vacuum while his foot played with the forgotten member that stood to attention, begging to be touched.

From the corner of his keen eye, Hannibal saw his prey’s fingers latch onto his own dick, seeking closure,

‘Do not touch yourself’ but a sharp kick refrained the other to do so. He was not given permission, not yet. Will whimpered as he put his hand back where it lay.

His clean cut toenails traced the veins at Will’s length, forcing quavers inside his body. Will’s body was about to fold while his was still having fun. The ash blonde haired man could watch his mongoose all night. And right now, the rigid organ under his foot was ready to burst since the sweet aroma of semen entered his nostrils, alerting him. This wouldn’t do. After all, he was nothing but a gracious host. He had another guest to entertain. Will’s hips were thrusting, looking for friction until it all stopped

‘That’s enough for now’ Will ignored the command, until sharp pain riveted through him, the pulsing dick popping out of his luscious lips with a ‘pop’.

The foot stomped gratingly on his hardened cock ceasing his current actions immediately. Coppery liquid permeated his mouth as he bit his tongue in shock and screamed his discontentment. His hand went to his mouth, backing away from the close proximity of the killer.

‘ARGG...THAT HURTS’ A few droplets of velvet stained the expensive fabric. Will couldn't care less, but he had learned the other was a different breed when it came to suits and artistry.

‘Get up. Now’

Will stumbled to his feet, puzzled. Did he do something wrong?

As if ready his mind, he said: ‘You have done wonderfully Will, but it would be rude of us to forego our guest’s pleasure, don't you think?

Alana’s face lost a bit more colours. She stared at them both, fear in her eyes.

Getting his courage back, he spat: ‘Fuck no! You said you would not involve her, if I did what you asked! You promised!’

‘I promised not to kill her, if you recall. You, on the other hand, said you would exact my orders to the letter. Are you disobeying Will?

What kind of sick man was he?!! Will’s eyes grew big, afraid to anger this ticking time bomb. Lecter had perfected his control and urges over time, but truth be told, when it came to possessing Will, it didn’t hold true. That he was certain. This was a dangerous individual and if they were to survive him both, Will had to tone down the sarcasm and the insults.

‘No. I’m not, Doctor Lecter.’ he carefully said, threading on thin ice. He swallowed the words he couldn’t say out loud for fear of punishment on Alana.

‘I won’t be doing anything. You will’

‘Wha-t?’ he staggered ‘I won’t hurt her’ he said with conviction. He’d rather die!

‘Your feelings on the matter are of no consequences to me, especially when it concerns our dear Alana. I know you ache for release Will’ Will blushed his hands swiftly coming to hide

his very exposed member. He swore apologetically to Alana. She replied with a soft understanding smile.

‘I don’t want to enjoy this. At all. Even more so if Alana is involved’

‘Yet, here you are.’

He sighed, defeated, realizing headbutting with Hannibal would get him nowhere ‘...What do you want me to, to do?’ He said as he got up, his naked figure fully advertised.

After what seemed like hours to him, he saw the tall figure walk past him towards Alana, Will was told to stay put.

Hannibal lowered his torso, his head tilted to face the trapped woman all the while wearing an amused look on his face. Hot Breathe nuzzled her plush lips, lipstick smeared during her fight with Hannibal.

‘How it must eat at you, to see him so bare for me. I own him and all he will become. His fall will be his becoming’ He whispered to her ear, making sure only her ears were privileged with this information.

She turned her head, her green eyes never leaving his. ‘I won’t let you’

‘Watch me’ he breathed, leaving a faint kiss to her battered cheek.

It was admirable, how they fought for each other, but in the end, both would fall in the face of a fiercer adversary. Hannibal’s bond with Will would win in the end over Alana’s.

An animalistic smirk plastered on his face. He was eager to see their reactions once he told Will his next command.

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

Almost 1000 hits, I can't believe it guys! thanks for reading and don't forget to comment, feedback always helps :)

Untitled

TITLE: JUST DESSERT CHAPTER 6

chapter 6:

Previously:

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Will stood immobile, waiting for what would be required of him next. He was aware of the Doctor’s affinity for coaxing reactions out of him, but this was ridiculous. His face was flushed with embarrassment. He felt so vulnerable, so exposed; it was no wonder Hannibal thrived on the exertion of his power over Alana and him. After all, he made an easy target right now, blushing as he was.

But the confused empath couldn’t help how his mind worked. He couldn’t be sure if his physical reactions was coming from Lecter, or some deep down part of him that still somehow looked up to his tormentor.

Anger stirred through him at how effortlessly it was for Hannibal to use Alana against him in their games. It was bad enough he had to do this in front of her, but Lecter always took it all. Gloating about his victory over the poor woman they once cared deeply about was too good an opportunity to pass. Although Hannibal's pathology didn't extend to usual traits of psychopaths, it couldn't be said that even the most extraordinary didn't not share with the common. Lecter was an opportunist, and his vanity irked Will the wrong way. Making him wait was rendering him nervous. His eyes were locked into Hannibal's frame which laid too close to the defenseless woman for his taste.

A quirk of lips appeared faintly, deep maroon eyes noticing Will's agitation. Will's heartbeat thumped faster, echoing through his ears. The dark haired man clenched his jaw in irritation.

The killer suddenly moved from his spot, but remained close by. Enjoying tremendously Will's fear, Hannibal decided to move things along. He smirked wondering what his prey would do next. How he loved to play with his food, especially the wonderful fragrance of William Graham.

'You've been such a good boy for me' said Hannibal, his palm ghosting over the edge of Alana's comfortable victorian chair in warning. His keen hungry eyes never leaving the gift before him.

Will's eyes fluttered in confusion. He was very conscious of his position, and whatever the other man had planned, it couldn't be good, especially by judging the feral look he was given and how Alana stilled once Hannibal's hand poised itself on her frail shoulder.

'Perhaps you deserve a little reward. Positive reinforcement for better compliance for future endeavors. What do you think dear Will?'

'Using Pavlovian psychological tactics on me, Dr Lecter? I'm not a dog, but I wouldn't say no to letting Alana and I go though' he was mildly irritated at the Doctor's assumption.

'My generosity doesn't extend to that particular suggestion, I'm afraid.'

‘Worth a shot.’ Will muttered under his breath.

‘I was contemplating the idea of showing our appreciation to our dear friend here. Such a shame you both never had the opportunity to explore this...’ Hannibal pointed a finger between his current prisoners’...current venue between you’

‘And you’re such a good samaritan, right?’ taunted Will, his expression gaining more vigor, his brows furrowed, his blood pumping adrenaline under the challenge. His rapid breathing made him bold.

Hannibal ignored his temporary rudeness, affording Will a simple glare in exchange, and went on with his wonderful epiphany.

‘Of course, I wouldn’t let you fuck her. But perhaps a demonstration of what she missed on would be appropriate. Partly, it is also a gift for you my lovely Alana’ The tall three piece suit man currently walking with his fly open and his erect phallus hanging out in the air crouched down to eye level of his once called colleague.

‘Why’s that?’ snarled Alana as she adjusted her frame to confront him.

‘If you hadn’t rejected poor Will, he wouldn’t have come to me with open arms as he did. Your lack of interest opened Will’s mind to the possibility for someone else’s influence. I do applaud outstanding work, therefore a gift for good behavior should be awarded to the both of you’

‘In your case, I doubt your benevolence is ever free of dark intentions, Doctor Lecter. I’d rather stick to our deal where Alana stays out of it’

Nothing good could come out of his captor’s sudden hospitality. Hannibal would never endanger his hold over him like this. Will was uncertain and Alana’s sour expression reflected his repulsion to this ill conceives idea.

‘There’s no escaping her faith. She’ll always remain at the root of our bond….And I never said anything about touching her...You will.’

His anger took hold of him again. ‘I won’t do shit to her, that was our deal. It’s bad enough she has to watch you defile me…’

‘Language’ growled the slithered eye man with a cold voice.

Then, a sharp slap connected to the side of his cheek threatening to make him lose his balance. His eyes opened wide in shock while his trembling hand reached to pet his very angry red cheek. Reality literally slapped him in the face. He was now aware of the danger he was walking on. Hannibal had been generous to allow him his voice, but it could easily be taken away through repetitive violence.

‘Will!’ cried Alana when she saw his panicked eyes.

It took every effort for her not to spit in Hannibal’s face. Instead, she kept a cool head at least for Will’s sake. He didn’t need her to panic, she had to remain calm so Will could feel less on edge. Deep down though, she was scared of Hannibal. What would he make Will do to her that could work as a potential reward. Hannibal was a very sick individual and how did she regret turning towards him instead of believing Will in his time of need.

‘I’ve had enough of your witty mouth Will. I’ve tolerated your insubordination to a point, but now it has to come to an end. I’ve warned you before and I’ll do it again. Do not undermine my authority again, or I will make sure you are thoroughly punished. Am I understood?’

He gulped, a bead of cold sweat ran from his forehead unto the tip of his nose. His voice was clearly shaken ‘Y-Yes.’

‘Yes, who Will? You know I don’t like rudeness, therefore you will address me with a proper title’ grinned wickedly Hannibal. A tongue slid slowly over his own lips in anticipation.

Will cringed. He knew what Hannibal longed to hear. After all, he'd try to coax it out of him for weeks. But now, he was against a brick wall. For Alana's sake, he had to shed the last ounce of humility that remained. He lowered his head in shame.

The silence controlling the room was awkward and cold. He felt through his broken empathy the rising annoyance from the imposing body close to him.

'I'm waiting William...Should I get my pleasure somewhere else...Alana perhaps'

Her attention was back on their exchange while Will took a step back carefully, his jaw tight and his eyes clearly scared of this threat now.

'I- Y-yes, Sir… I...I understand' said Will, weakly, his shoulders slumped heavy with dread.

'You are so smart, my dear.' Hannibal softly said. Will's curls tossed carefully by the large calloused hand at the nape of his neck in dominance.

Will leaned unconsciously into the touch. In the last few weeks, his body has received only pain by those hands, so it made this touch foreign but comforting in a sick sort of way. Hopefully Hannibal's plan for him now didn't require too degrading. Who was he kidding though?

Hannibal's husky voice next to his ear dragged him out of his mind, he froze under the feel of those palms trapping him by his shoulders. His captor's breath was hot on his ear.

'I want you to stroke yourself to completion for me, but you are forbidden to cum without my strict command' Hannibal continued. His pads brushing lightly his prey's naked shoulders. Hannibal relished in the natural scent of fear on his Will. His spent dick was resuscitated simply from this tasty aroma. Seeing WIll cumming would be the best form of surrender he could receive and he would make it last.

Will raised his eyebrow in confusion, but nodded. He had expected worst, especially since his misconduct.

‘Yes sir’ he gritted his teeth.

As he made his way quickly for his now flaccid cock, his wrists was held in place. His gaze locked with Hannibal’s piercing gaze. The tiny bones in in wrists grinding, sending shards of pain to his pain.

‘Ouch, you..’ asked Will in a huff. He yelped pulling at it on reflex. The grip was unforgiving. Will’s head twisted uncomfortably to the side, searching for Hannibal’s eyes; looking for answers. He panicked, his heart almost beaten out of his scarred chest.

‘What’s wrong? Please, I-I was about..a-about to. Hannibal!’ He did what was asked of him, what was wrong. Automatically, he shifted his gaze to Alana, afraid she would be punished instead. Alana looked angry and mournful, like this was all her fault.

Alana’s concerned look was on Hannibal and him, like a hawk. He tried to push his humiliation away, but Alana’s presence made it hard. But he knew Hannibal intended to play with them, especially with their connection. Hannibal was a jealous type and very possessive; he expected nothing good coming out of this ordeal.

Wet tongue suddenly licked at his ear triggering an involuntary twitch in his treacherous dick. The large broad chest at his back radiated heat that was not unwelcomed, more so since he had been deprived of any affectionate touch in Hannibal’s care in view of his capture. He hated himself for it. Hannibal large muscular form enveloped him, leaving to room to escape his clutches.

‘It would be a shame for our forgotten guest to not see you at your most vulnerable too, don’t you think? After all, she’s partially responsible for you falling into my capable hands’ breathed warmly Hannibal in the crook of his neck.

The tied up captive green eyes bulged out of their sockets at the provocative words. It aimed straight to her heart, knowing it to be true. If it wasn't for her, they would have never met. They would both be safe. She weeped a little. Hannibal smirked at her. Truth hurts more than lies.

Will shifted quickly his look to where the weeping came from. Feeling the guilt Alana felt. Controlling his trembling voice, he forced out comfort to his friend, which Hannibal totally ignored for discovering more of Will's body.

'A-Alana..don't listen.to..to him' quivered Will. Large fingers circled around his half hard organ, knowing full well their effect on him. Shame passed through him like lightning, not believing his life had come to this. Honestly, he'd rather have gone to prison and never gone to hannibal's in the first place. At least, he and Alana would have been safe from harm.

He felt a strong intake of breath, as the air shifted around him. His captor taking in the strong smell emanating from his stressed sweaty skin and hair, tinkling his responsive skin.

'D-damnnn… it. Just finish this...sir' growled Will, hoping to appeal to Hannibal's vanity.

Then, a curious nose poked at his curls, moving in circles, making him weak in the knees. His body was betraying him. He was touch starved and his hormones just reacted to the provided stimuli. He cursed his situation and Hannibal Lecter.

The older man's tone dropped a few octaves lower before saying:

'You are such a good boy for me Will. Why don't you get closer to our dear forgotten guest, hmm'

While Will was caught in Hannibal's embrace, he was forced forward, a few inches from Alana's chest and redden face.

‘Wha-’ a startled Will exclaimed feeling himself being bent slowly. He could only resist for so long, until his muscles let go when his focus slipped.

Saliva trailed at his neck, while sharp teeth tugged at his earlobe playfully. Before he knew it, a gasp left his mouth ‘ah’

Regaining control of his motor functions and understanding what Hannibal meant, he whined

‘Noo...please..I’ll d-do what you ask, not that...god. You said...y-you said if I behaved...y-you’d leave her be. Hannibal please, not in front of her’ He pleaded, but his body was losing to Hannibal’s careful sensual touches.

‘My mood has been generous enough Will. Do not ask for more, or you might find my mood less tolerable for all parties included. Now, please, do as I’ve said.’ He shut his eyes closed with such force, some of his smaller cuts reopened on his face, painting a part of his contorted face with streams of blood. Thin lips lightly touched the top of his left ear, only a whisper escaping them: ‘Go on Will. Jerk yourself off and cover her with your seed’

‘ Ohhh’ The image of what Hannibal offered him was so very tempting, but he couldn’t. He wouldn’t.

‘Please..’ Now it was Alana who pleaded for him. He shotgunned to her. She looked at him with full of love and strength. ‘It’s ok Will. I- I don’t m-mind’ she stuttered.

‘I just can’t...I can’t do this Hannibal. I’ll suck you until you come, be your little whore, I’ll stay with you, just don’t make me do this to her. That’s twisted, even for you’ he screamed, his rage and hurt passing through in his words.

His rambling was cut short by a circling hand that slithered up to his neck, squeezing the air out of him.

‘arg-’ gargled a struggling Will. His face was turning blue face.

‘WILL! Just do as he says! He-’ She was abruptly slapped in the face by a flat robust hand. Her neck almost snapped under the sheer force of the blast. Salty tears dribbled down her bruised face. Will froze when he heard the noise which in turn Hannibal relented on his hold.

Hannibal was a proud man and very self controlled individual, so to see so much reaction from the man was unheard of and quite frankly, scared the crap of Will and a frightened Alana.

‘Ok ok! Please’

Immediately understanding his place, his shaking hand made its way to where his cock was and tugged at it slowly.

‘Was that so difficult?’ He questioned Will without expecting an answer. Will glared at him.

Enjoying this show of submission and how Will’s cock beautifully rose to the occasion, he could perhaps give him more incentive to perform. A dog learns better upon pressure.

‘It has come to my attention that you haven’t been privy to Alana’s asset, but I shall indulge your curiosity just this once since I do love to drink in your distress. What do you say, my dear’ Fingers went under the top of Alana’s dress and pulled in down roughly, ripping the fabric, exposing Alana ripe and perky nipples.

Will wanted to shove his fist into that smirking bastard but held back and answered what Hannibal wanted to hear.

‘Thank you sir’ He grunted as he pumped his meat faster. Those curvy plush breasts had been the object of his early fantasies, he couldn’t help been more aroused. It also helped to know that Alana didn’t hold it against him.

Plush lips pursed in embarrassment. Her green eyes looked away from his and the profiler knew why. Judging by their attire, Alana had hoped once again to have intercourse with

Hannibal, hence why she had forgo the bra and probably the panties. Hannibal must have sensed their embarrassment, because he grabbed one plump boob inside his palm and squeezed it hard enough to make Alana wince.

‘Aren’t they perfect William? Answer me’ ordered the killer.

Will’s grunts, his moans and the sounds of his hand fapping his dick echoed throughout the bedroom. He lowered his head, in exhaustion, feeling Hannibal’s other hand fondling with his balls.

‘Ah..ah..y-eeah they are’ his dick twitched once again, pre cum leaking from his gland. His senses were in overload, for once his brain was focused on nothing except the sensations on his body. His mind was a blank, a slave to his body’s primal urges. Alana’s soft whimpers didn’t help him either. This perversion of their relationship was outrageous, but a dark part of him welcomed the muffled sounds she tried to keep in.

‘If only I could paint this image, the world would tremble at the sight. I must confess I couldn’t have done this without you my dear Alana’ said the now very disheveled light haired man while trusting his hips into Will’s backside.

The battle was now between man and woman. Will is only a piece to dangle in between. Hannibal piercing gaze reached Alana’s half closed ones. She wriggled uncomfortably in her chair, clearly wanting to touch herself, but unable to. This pleased Hannibal.

‘Hmm..god..please..stop talking..’ whimpered Will. His dick was leaking so much, it coated his hand with sticky fluid. At least it eased his way. Made things easier. He pumped faster and harder, feeling his skin burn to the friction.

His plea was ignored.

From her seat, she could see Will’s dick was hard as a rock. In his position, she wouldn’t fair well either. She was wet, her tights were wet and seeing Hannibal’s nostril flare, she was aware he knew of her state. Which made his attempt at torturing her so much better.

‘Look at him Alana. Look at the man you turned down. So eager to save you. How it must eat at you that you never did the same.’ The monster left Will’s side and went behind Alana’s seat, playing with her hair like a lover. It made this hurt so much more.

‘I- I know…I-’ Hannibal leaned into her space, playing with her breasts while enjoying the front view of Will’s undoing. ‘Your arousal is flagrant my love’

‘Stop this Hannibal! Why are you making us do this?’ She renewed her struggle in vain. Her nipples were so hard, they ached. Hannibal trapped her chin in his fingers and forced her to gaze at Will’s uncomfortable situation. Trickles of precum and sweat hit her on her exposed chest. It felt warm to the touch. Will’s moans grew more frantic, savage even.

‘How do you feel Will?’ Hannibal asked nonchalantly as if this was one of their session.

‘Ah -Ahhre...you f-fucking...serious? Ah...hmmm.. L-like I’m clo-. Please...let me Hanni-!’’

He choked a laugh, his knees buckling under him while finding purchase on Alana’s shoulder. His warm, sweaty hand pressed with force on her clavicle. Hannibal smiled at the weakness. His voice addressed Alana next, hiding a darker tone.

‘You should feel privileged. Seeing Will come undone before you, I’m certain, will be a wonderful sight. Consider this a gift for our friendship all these years.’ Alana could not tear her eyes from Will. Hannibal was right; she had never known Will to be open with his feelings. A part of her always was curious as to what Will would have look like in the throes of passion.

As if lost in thoughts, Will was fighting against himself. He tried to hold on, think of something disgusting, but to no avail. He spared a glance at Alana’s shaken form, before Hannibal placed himself behind him once again. Her fearful look was the same one she had given him once he had accused Hannibal of framing him. He wasn’t strong enough.

With every beat of his hand, a muffled sorry escaped his quivering lips. ‘I’m sorry...s-sorry..I’m...I-I’m soo..rry ah..urg’

Alana’s mouth was open, mouthing an: *‘it’s fine, everything’s ok’*

Tired of being put on the side, he took the reigns once again.

Fingers travelled to Will’s nipples. The digits tweaked, turned and pinched, eliciting a carnal whimper from the man.

‘Ah..Fuckk..I-can’t...Close...I need-need..’ Will’s breathing was laboured, his face flushed and his eyes unfocused.

He clenched his teeth, jaw shut tight. His weight propelled forward, his dick almost flirting with Alana’s big plump boobs. His body was trembling, feeling his imminent release. He had to stop himself from coming, yet, he kept on pumping his flesh until he would cum at Hannibal’s request.

Hannibal’s carnivorous tongue licked the side of his face while his other hand prevented any sudden movement. He shuddered in disgust. The man’s teeth grazed his mandible, sending shivers down his spine and fire through his veins. His dick pulsed inside his wet palm.

‘What do you need my sweet Will? Ask me’ asked the velvety devil currently fondling his assets.

The FBI profiler’s frame grew tense, his forearm was spotting visible veins, his forehead was like an ocean and his fluttering blue eyes were glazed with arousal. He wouldn’t last long like this. His hips thrusted harshly in the empty space between himself and Alana.

‘I-I...please..d-don’t make me say-say it’ begged Will, clutching for dear life on Alana’s skin. He was at his breaking point. Hannibal must have felt his wrist movements slowing down, because teeth assaulted his clavicle, leaving another mark.

‘Don’t you stop, Will. You are so close. If you ask me, I will let you cum. The sooner this is done with, the sooner we can move on to something else that doesn’t involve our lovely friend’ threatened the monster in the dark of the room. ‘Unless you are enjoying this’ suggested the trickster with sharp teeth.

‘I would never ever you sick ..ah..bastard’ stated Will. Predatory eyes glared at the back of his skull.

‘I will let this slide only if you ask me for what you want or I will leave you like this Will’

Closing his eyes once more, he focused on Alana’s panting and parted lips to make himself nearing the edge again. He imagined instead of Hannibal’s hands on his stomach, they were Alana’s.

He gulped down his embarrassment and dignity and begged.

‘Please sir, Let me..c-cum! I’m so clo..se. fuck...please. C-can I please...cum. I can’t..I’m so sorry Alana...god I’m-’ ’

‘Cum for me’

‘I’m sorryy..DAMMIT...y-yesss g-god!’ Cum squirted out of his penis, one stream at a time, hitting the side of Alana’s smeared lips, her breasts and flowing onto his still moving hand as he rode out his orgasm.

‘That’s it Will, you did good. Alas, the fun’s not over yet’ Softly murmured to Will, before he wobbled, trying to stay up.

Hannibal retreated to the back, letting both gather their thoughts for what was to come. His own hard on pressed on his suit pants, stronger than before. Will’s orgasm and anguish had him almost milk himself down his pants. He rubbed his engorged organ, feeling it throb in excitement, eager for what was coming next.

With Hannibal gone, his balance folded. He slumped down to the brunette's knees, exhausted. The powerful orgasm had brought the guilt and shame to the surface, hence why his face was now red with droplets of salty tears. He panted and kept saying sorry while Alana cried along with him. Hopefully this was over. Will had endured enough.

Forgetting the situation they were in and who was in control, they forgot themselves to this intimate moment. Their breathing mingled and calmed together. Will's brown wet curls laid softly upon the slim naked legs of Alana. Her lap was soft and even he could smell the strong smell of arousal coming from her. He raised his trembling hand to her bruised cheek, to where Hannibal had hit her.

'I'm sorry Alana. Please forgive me for this...I-I shouldn't have' cringed Will, his body heavy. He could feel her smile on him.

'Don't blame yourself for this Will. I should have seen this coming...I-I can't believe I trusted him'

'That makes both of us…' regrettably responded the still shaking man.' He certainly knows what he's doing. This is not new to him Alana. He probably..did this before. There is no remorse in him. He's a sick bastard, but I'm sorry you had to find out like this'

'Me too' she said thinking of her affair with Hannibal.

Both victims were so wrapped up in their moment that they never saw this coming. Will was forcefully grabbed by the hair and held in a stronghold by muscled biceps. In a panic, his arms went for the arm trapping him, his legs kicking at the assailant.

Hannibal plunged the syringe deep in the crook of Will's neck, letting the content empty itself completely into his captive's bloodstream. Will screamed, panicked and on high alert, his reflex got the better of him and backed his head hard into Hannibal's nose, breaking it.

The hold keeping him in place broke, and he ended up like a sack of potato at the feet of a very angry and dangerous murderer.

If looks could kill, he would be dead ten times over. He realized his error right away and its consequences. He blanched when he saw the damage his accidental headbutt did to his captor.

He froze like a statue, silence broken by Will's stuttering words:

'What did...you inject me with?!!' Once the shock settled down, he backed away.

'Oh my god! I'm...You c-caught... me off- off guard. Hannibal!. Sir please don't. .Forgive me. Please, I-' He fumbled with his words. His empathy captured the Ripper anger and murderous rage.

Oh god what had he done. He flunged himself at Alana's feet, not allowing any harm to come to her.

'You shouldn't have done that Will.' voice like ice cut deep into the air, the temperature dropping.

Seeing Hannibal advance at a slow pace towards him with hunter's eyes backed him in a corner. All he could do was beg for their lives.

'God no! PLEASE, HANNIBAL! DON'T!' screamed Will

'This wouldn't do' thought Hannibal before he pounced.

TBC

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Someone gets punished and someone learns their place

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long update it'S been a while. need to get the hang of it again. Hope you like it. Calm before the storm and the sex oh yeah and the finale!. It's not as I wanted it but hey. enjoy!

‘Will. Will. Will’ tutted the cannibal, turning his attention to the startled young man.’ You shouldn’t have done that’ Hannibal eyes were flaring with bloodthirst and something else, but Will wasn’t quite sure yet.

From the other side, the brunette woman was shocked by this turn of events.

She screamed: ‘Hannibal! What have you done?!’

The voice left her as soon as she got a glimpse of her mentor’s burgundy irises reflected by the dim light of the room. Her aroused blood soon transformed into ice, leaving her speechless and terrified. Her greenish watery eyes fell on her friend who clutched at the crook of his neck and whose eyes mirrored her own.

Will felt like a cornered rat at the mercy of a very dangerous cat. His blue eyes bulged out of his sockets in fear. He’d seen the victims of the Ripper, but nothing prepared him for the harsh stare that was pointed in his direction.

He could see why Hannibal was feared, he could feel the fury emanating from this body of hard flesh. The murderer, wait, the monster was finally showing itself and it petrified him; it left him immobile in the face of death. What he saw, what Will felt at the moment, was nothing. There was nothing human about this man, only an icy scowl which promised retribution.

As the beast made its way towards his pathetic shaking form, he couldn't help but crawl back. The small puncture wound at his head was throbbing, he could feel that whatever Hannibal had injected him was moving slowly inside him.

'Y-you…' he whispered, his voice cracking.

He didn't know if it was his panic riddled brain that made him lash out verbally at his captor, but at this point, his fear showed itself in fake bravery and anger.

'What the fuck did you inject me with?' He could now feel his body burning, his blood being carried down south.

'Sildenafil' simply replied in a cold oddly calm tone. If Will's heart could beat faster, it would have. But it didn't.

His heart stopped a few seconds, Will's face contorted in an odd expression and sputtered incredulously. He couldn't fucking believe it.

'Sildenafil?' Will raged, his hands at the ground clenching tightly, his nails digging into his palm.

'You fucking gave me Viagra?' he gasped. His breaths were coming in short pants, his heart pumping 80 miles and hour. He was starting to feel his flaccid member take interest, and he hated himself for it.

A nod was his only answer. Hannibal stalked forward with a creepy quirk of the lips while Will took a step back unconsciously.

'Why? Will asked, momentarily forgetting his place.

An amused smirked played on Lecter's thin soft lips. 'Why not? I was curious to see how you would react. Once again, you have surprised me Will' said Hannibal holding his bleeding nose. His long fingers palped the side of his nose softly, until a loud snap was heard making both victims in the room flinch.

'You're sick.' spat a trembling naked Will. Lecter's prey froze when he bent over to stroke Will's damp brown curls. Will winced, a bead of nervous sweat trailing down on his forehead. Hannibal's nostrils flared as he took in Will's lovely reaction.

'Get away from me…' he forced out of his throat. He sounded like a half hearted plea. His mind losing to the fog clouding his head. The pull of his body's urges was making him sensitive. He didn't want anything touching him anymore. His eyes pleaded, but the back of the hand still made contact with his fevered skin, ignoring his feeble request. His low exhaled sigh sent tremors through Lecter's fingers and nourished Lecter's hunger even more.

Doctor Lecter took a deep breathe, allowing his restraints back on. He took this time to visualize his work.

Will's face was flushed with shame. Pupils blown, sweaty skin and hard labored breathing; all positive signs that the drugs were taking its hold on Will's delicious body. Yet, Hannibal couldn't be more proud of his little lamb. He hadn't expected Will to crush his nose knowing what that would do in turn to his friend if he disobeyed. He secretly chuckled to himself. Trust his Will to push his limits past his comfort zone. He was the epitome of self control and Will had been the only one who could make him lose control. Will was a wild thing a threatening thing to his carefully constructed life and he would be sure to reel him back into his control.

He might have been amused by this whole situation, but his broken nasal bone could not be ignored. Will would learn his place in his world. All his pet needed was another push and his old flame would do the trick.

Without a word, he left Will at his feet, confused as to what would come next. The predator clearly saw the situation dawn on his Will when he faced the side in which Alana was. Seeing those cocksucking lips forming words like 'Oh god', 'No' and 'I'm sorry' over and over again, hoping it would tame the fire inside Hannibal.

The room laid silent. Only their mingled breaths could be heard softly through all that tension. Will's eyes followed each step he made, but remained silent. Waiting for Hannibal to speak.

'Will.' Will's phantom gaze followed the dark voice filling his aching head to where Hannibal stood proudly and unfazed.

'Know that this is your fault. You forced my hand Will. I have been courteous before, but no more' He said calmly, his eyes searing into Will's brain. He stopped for effect, looking the events unfold.

'No.No.No…' repeated the profiler like a mantra. His head quavering in denial. Alana tried to put on a brave face, but both men knew she could understand what was about to happen.

Making sure Will undivided attention was on him, he finished his sentence: ' She will pay the price'

The bruised man paled when he got a hint of what his captor intended. He suddenly felt as if the cold hand of death had touched him and left him an empty shell. Surely, Hannibal would keep his promise… He said…

This wasn't happening to him Will thought. He didn't mean to hurt Hannibal, he simply took him by surprise. Not knowing what to do he raised his voice, enough for Hannibal to hear him.

'Hannibal. I'm sorry God. I didn't mean to hurt you. I swear! It was a mistake' he pleaded crawling on the cold wooden floor with his hard on hanging, forgotten. His boney fingers reached for the bottom of the man's tailor pants grasping it tightly for dear life, hoping to appeal to this monster's humanity; if he had any.

'I know and I have forgiven you. But I warned you beforehand Will; to avoid repeating mistakes, we must correct them with proper punishment. You have disobeyed and for that, Alana will bear the marks of your insubordination.' explained Hannibal in a tone that left no place for argument.

The answer was not what Will expected to hear and it enraged him. He didn't care at this point if he was grovelling, but there was no way he would let Hannibal kill his only remaining friend.

His teeth clashed, bones grinding against bone and he snarled, the fight not yet gone from his eyes. 'You. Will. Not. Kill. Her' he said having trouble keeping his body in check. His balls were heavy with need, and he was aching for release. But his hold on Hannibal remained firm, rendering the man in place.

It didn't deter Hannibal's goal. Hannibal's light brown eyebrow lifted in question. His patience was wearing thin, now. If he wasn't careful, even his Will would not be safe from his actions.

'Let go Will' he said once as a warning, daring Will to push against his limits once more. Will's tight grip only became stronger, pulling at the leg to prevent movement. Hannibal tried to shake him off lightly, to no avail. A heavy murmur pushed past his taunt mouth, exasperated.

'I will not tell you again Will. You are only making this worse for yourself. Let go now, or I will make you and you won't like the result' growled the older man, showing his teeth for emphasis.

'No. I said I was sorry. You startled me with your needle and you hurt me. I-I didn't expect it, I'll make it up to you, trust me please. Don't do this. Don't make me responsible for this.' pleaded Will.

When the broad form above him didn't move, he was relieved, thinking he had perhaps content through this man that used to be his confident. But, he was wrong and he couldn't brace himself for what came after his outburst.

'Wha-? Hann- ARG!!' Wil screamed, shocked as he found himself lifted by the roots of his hair by a strong grip. He shut his eyes upon reflex, wishing to shield himself from the onslaught.

Will fought against the grip, using his full weight to his advantage. Hannibal stumbled over his feet losing his balance momentarily, leaving enough time for Will to lunge at him in a fight or flight response as he held onto Hannibal's calves like they were an anchor to his preservation.

He hanged limply as the captor tried to put him off without as much harm as possible. Finding impossible to do Hannibal was left with no choice, but Will had not listened and he was tired of this ridiculous game. He admired Will's feistiness and his will to win, but he was no match for him. He had hunted for years, he knew how to subdue his prey, but never without a little scuffle. And honestly, seeing Will fight him for Alana blinded him with such rage that his control slipped for a minute. His cold heart sang in sadness for a tiny moment, why couldn't Will just see they were alike. It came as a revelation to him; all these feelings, he hadn't felt such anger and sadness since Mischa. This emotion was ripped from his body and carved on Will's unwilling body.

Will was not prepared for what happened next. A switch had been turned and Hannibal's demeanor just changed. With inhuman force, his fragile body was torn away from the leg until he was shoved roughly on the floor by the silent murderer. The woman's screams were muffled by the groans of pain Will's mouth cried when he hit his head on the tiles. The FBI agent gathered himself up, the side of his head bleeding slightly, coating his hair with warm velvety liquid. He wiped his teared lip with the back of his naked forearm and pounded on the other mass. Both struggled against each other, Will managed to get close enough to Hannibal groin to hit him, but his wrist was squeezed painfully until he creamed in pain. Will's shout only fuelled Hannibal arousal and itch for control. Seeing this feral Will awoke something in Hannibal and made him want to conquer this body and mind even more. Hannibal growled in response and bit at Will's neck, his sharp canine embedding themselves into William's pulsing jugular.

'ARG...Ple-ase! Hannibal!' yelled the struggling man, his body turning limp at the strong dominating bite. He fell like a sack of potato on the floor, his bloody neck exposed to the famished aroused killer in the room. He trembled like a leaf, his body oversensitized and his dick responding to the pain. His eyes were red and his throat sore from all the screaming. Struggling to stay away and alert, tumbling down for his efforts, he stole a glance at those ferocious eyes. He panicked even more. He could never empathize with the Chesapeake Ripper, but in this instance, he got a glimpse at the anger and hurt, Hannibal felt. It was veiled under a mask of cold indifference and murderous intent. He couldn't know if Hannibal would stop himself from killing Will.

His screams were mixed with sobs now. He pleaded is forgiveness, but it went on deaf ears. Hannibal was lost inside his head, unknown to how to manage new sensations. Will would definitely be the end of Hannibal Lecter as his own.

Will was kicked into submission. Will propped his forearms to par the blows to his face and his erect member, but his stomach got the blunt of it. His breathing hitched and his lungs burned with every breath he took. His face was covered in cuts, his wound on his shoulder wasn't bleeding heavily, but he could sense himself losing energy, his head getting dizzy.

'Hann- Stop...plea...se. You're...killing me. I'm...sorry' He sobbed, trying to get his emotions in check. His eyes puffy and red begged his tormentor to cease. 'I will submit...G-od...I'm so sorry. I beg-g... y-ou, I-' he stopped mid sentence when he saw a flicker inside those uncaring eyes.

Alana pitched in, her body fighting the ropes that kept her in place, her chair off balance, threatening to fall over.

'HANNIBAL! LISTEN TO HIM...LOOK AT WHAT YOU'RE DOING! STOP this!'

Immediately, his mop of hair was released right before a fist connected with his tense jaw as if burnt. Hannibal took a step back and carefully looked at the scene before him. The smell permeating the room was those of fear, blood and faint arousal, probably due to the viagra in Will's system and his own erect member tenting his crotch area.

Hannibal Lecter was known for his utter control and in that precise juncture, he had lost it. On Will. He had to recollect himself. By the looks of Will's state, he hadn't gone easy. The man was a mess, but still, behind those fearful blue glazed orbs, he could see his strenght of will.

Standing tall, Hannibal's auburn look soften, carefully assessing the damage the body in front of him had received. His tongue ghostly licked the dry red crust of the other's blood on his chapped lips when noticing the open wound at the profiler's neck He closed his eyes at the memory of Will's taste. He savoured it in his plate before breaking the tension in the air.

‘I must apologize for this lapse in judgement Will. I assure you, it will not happen again’ simply stated Hannibal looking fondly at his possession. Will could only nod weakly. It took all of his power not to snarl at the broad man when he saw him approach slowly, hoping to appear unthreatening to his eyes.

An open hand appeared to him, offering respite. Hesitantly, he took it and instantly was hugged by the large man.

‘I hope you will learn to forgive me’ Hannibal’s tongue lapped at the drying blood in the crook of Will’s neck. Will simply let it happen, his body shivering in pleasure from the loving gesture. His bared cock twitched in interest against Hannibal’s stomach. At this point, the younger fellow didn’t know what to say. His voice was coarse, but he responded hoping to change the other’s mind about his punishment.

‘I-...’ he gulped, the expensive manly smell of Hannibal’s opened fuzzy chest filling him, distracting. ‘I understand. I’m sorry for hurt-...hurting you.’ Hannibal shushed Will and carried him at the edge of the bed. Not trusting Will, he crouched to the bottom of his bed to take out a black leather cuff connected to a long chain in which he hooked to one of the rings on the messy floor. Once secured around Will’s ankle, Hannibal made his way to Alana who was still sobbing uncontrollably.

‘Hannibal…’ whispered lightly the half broken man. Hannibal feigned ignorance and glided a bloody finger to his other prey’s firm sperm coated nipples and took it to his eager mouth.

‘Divine… wouldn’t you think my dear’ asked Hannibal, his taste bud lingering of Will’s spent semen on his tongue. She looked away, embarrassed, knowing full well a part of her had enjoyed William jerking off on her. She could still remember his expression, so vulnerable, yet full of love. A low baritone voiced echoed into her ears, startling her out of her memory.

‘Before we continue further’ He could see Will raise himself faintly, ready to complain, but was hushed by Hannibal hand. ‘We need to address the issue of your disobedience. You made me do this Will. If you hadn’t fought me on this, it could have saved you both some pain.’

‘God! Hannibal… I didn’t make you do anything...I did what you asked. I said I-’ he was cut off midway through his rant. Will had controlled the timber in his voice, he didn’t want to

fight anymore. Why would this be his fault?

‘Tread carefully my Good Will’ the killer said in an authoritative voice. He went behind Alana and coiled around her like a vicious snake ready for the kill. Will turned his head away.

‘I want you to watch me do this to her, commit it to memory ...‘he said closing his palm over her mouth to block out her whimpers, his head nuzzling the side of her pale skin. The young woman’s eyes trailed the fingers which were once used to bring her pleasure slowly bending her upwards into an uncomfortable positions. Her eyes grew wider, so did Will.

‘Don’t...Hann-’ choked Will as he saw one of Hannibal’s large palm cover his friend’s frail neck which the other caressed her tiny manicured fingers like a lover. ‘I won’t do anything. I will bite my own tongue out if...if you kill her. Please’

‘Kill her? Please Will, I’m not that mundane. I made you a promise and I do intend on keeping it. Until we see this deal through, her fate lies in your cooperation, which is why I’m sorry in advance for this’

‘For what?’ he asked in a feeble attempt to stall for time. Before the monster acted on his punishment, he locked a feral look to Will’s desperate looking ones.

‘Just remember…’ Hannibal could see his pet project make the connection in his brain once his fingers pulled harshly at Alana’s pinky finger.

‘God...No’ he shook his head left and right. He searched those eyes, that deviant soul for something, anything that could stop this. But then he realized what Hannibal meant when he went against his wishes.

Hannibal voice ringed painfully inside his mind, where it had taken roots during all that time they had known each other. He could see finally, clear as day.

‘You did this’ calmly answered an amused Hannibal. The reality hung over Will like a stormy sky. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the horrible sight before him as Hannibal proceeded to break each and everyone of his psychiatrist friend’s delicate hands. Her shrieks were blood filled and laced with agony. Hannibal did it with so much detachment, it made Will want to puke.

‘Hannibal! GOD! Stop, you’re hurting her…I should have listened...Make it stop..’ He grasped his head between his hands, trying to cut off the moans of pain coming off from the lady’s mouth. The sounds of tiny bone crushing, popping out of its place made him dizzy. He could literally feel what she felt, it was too much. He learned his lesson. Did Hannibal wish for him to acknowledge this was his own fault for dragging the poor woman into this, when he knew he was the victim.

‘Only you can make it stop. I am only the consequence of your actions. I am carrying your will. You refused me, you went against me when all I wanted was what was best for you...’

Another finger popped. Another scream. There was no stopping the torment and influence of Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

‘For you to harness your true potential at my side. You will become stronger from this, I have seen you, just like you have now finally seen me. Only you Will, only you’ he said lovingly.

‘I didn’t want this. Never this.’ spat Will from where he stood. The chain rattled every time his foot made a tiny motion forward. ‘Alana! I’m sorry.Forgive me...’

‘It’s ok Will, only a few more fingers left, then it will all be over and I can take take of you. Alana will still be alive’ he said casually, finishing his job. Leaving Alana’s body tied to the chair, sweating her fear away, dried tears on her reddened plump cheeks, debauched and used.

‘It’s all my fault...I- I’ll remain at your side, so just stop. I need you Hannibal...Please...’ he pleaded. His body needed the other man, he was aching for his poisonous touch. Appealing to Hannibal’s vanity would work for him. A tiny part of him, wanted those hands on him, away from Alana, but also because his sick bodily flesh was turned on by the pain.

The length of the cord was long enough for him to reach Hannibal, to have stopped him, but he couldn’t. Not when the pain filtered through his blood like ecstasy. It made him feel whole and he had learned his place.

‘I know. I’m glad to see you’ve found reason. I’m afraid Alana won’t be able to write anymore. But you have done well my dear William. We will achieve many things and conquer all. All you need is me at your side and I, you’

A knee dipped the bed, while a warm body engulfed him from behind. Will could feel the other’s massive erection humping at the small of his back for friction. A small patch of wetness left its trace on his hot skin, a promise. He leaned into the touched, resigned.

A warm breath ghosted over his receptive earlobes and said with power behind it:

‘We will rise together’ said the predator while his fingers busied themselves by tilting Will’s beautiful submissive face towards his own, brushing his eager hungry lips to Will’s half open ones. Will rides the waves of Hannibal’s forceful current. The kiss is sweet, sweeter than Will had expected for someone as cruel as Lecter.

Closing the curtains on the light dimmed room and plunging head first into the enveloping darkness, he thought vaguely of his future and muttered barely loud enough for anyone to hear: *And we will fall together…* Their fates had been sealed the first day they met; he knew now. There would be no way to escape this cannibal.

He was sick, Hannibal had warped him into this monster he didn’t recognized, but as long as Alana would stay away after and safe, he couldn’t care less. He was doomed anyways.

Seeing the resignation in his face as they broke apart, Hannibal saw his imminent victory and smirked. It was now time to collect the spoils of his victory. Will’s mouth had been so lovely, he couldn’t wait to feel Wil’s tight heat surround his length and to fill him up until all the other feels is him inside forever.

Moving away from his pants, his belt carefully tossed by the side of the bed and his briefs being languorously pulled down for effect, Hannibal moves away from the edge of the bed to lean over the satin covered pillows and takes himself in hand, his predatory gaze unwavering while looking at his prey.

‘Hannibal...The drug...I’m still hard...It hurts…how much did you give me? I’m burning up...please….Wh-what do you want?’ asked Will, squirming on the bed, waiting for directions.

Will looked at him expecting, waiting….wanting. He really hoped Alana was knocked out from the pain, because he couldn’t bare to act like a wanton whore in front of her and enjoying Hannibal’s affections. His ears perked up at the husky velvety voice behind him ordering him around before he realised this was really happening.

‘Your mind is usually so full of imagination. I’m certain you will know what to do Will, with the right incentives of course’

He looked at Alana’s prone form, and let his need for release lead his actions. He ignored the pain at his broken ribs and turned to face Hannibal ready to give himself to the devil fully.

End Notes

So? More will come soon, with eventual sex.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!